

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Literary Correspondence of John Pinkerton, Esq. Now first printed from the originals, in the possession of Dawson Turner, Esq., M.A. F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS work must be highly pleasing to the lovers of literary and antiquarian gossip; for it is full of chit-chat upon a number of interesting topics; and, besides being most agreeable, from the desultory nature of its inquiries, is in many respects valuable, not only from the character of its information, but also of those whose opinions it unfolds. Among these, Horace Walpole, Lord Buchan, Lord Hailes, Dr. Percy (the bishop of Dromore), Gibbon, Dr. Thorkelin, Malcolm Laing, Sir John Sinclair, Dr. Gillies, Mr. Douce, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Beattie, and other distinguished persons, are very prominent; and though some of the topics lead to no decisive result, there is still a great quantity of curious intelligence sprinkled over almost every page in these volumes. Such being the general tone of the Correspondence, we might make extracts from it to a considerable extent, with the certainty of gratifying every literary mind; but, at any rate, in the first instance, we must be content with a limited selection.

Pinkerton was a man of extraordinary powers, and of extensive attainments. Had he added good conduct, temper, and sound principles, to his natural and acquired talents, he might have been almost the Scott of his age and country. But he wanted these; and, unfortunately, with all his abilities, became an object of commiseration instead of admiration.

"The life of Mr. Pinkerton (says the editor) was so entirely and exclusively that of a literary man, so utterly unmarked by any other occurrences than those arising from his publications, that little is to be added on this subject to the information contained in the following letters. Pinkerton was born on the 17th of February, 1758, at Edinburgh, where his father was a merchant. The only school education he received was for six years at Lanark, under the care of a Mr. Thomson, who married the sister of the poet of that name. At an early age he was articled to Mr. Aytoun, a writer at Edinburgh; but, his father dying just at the expiration of his clerkship, he determined, in an evil hour, to abandon the law, and to enter into life as an 'author by profession.' With this view he fixed his residence in London, and steadily pursued his purpose, first as a diligent inquirer into the ancient poetry of his country, and then successively as a numismatist, an historian, a geographer, and a geologist; occasionally indulging himself with excursions into various departments of antiquity. His writings, arising out of these diversified branches of inquiry, and his eccentric, but very clever *Letters on Literature*, under the fictitious name of Robert Heron, are mentioned in his correspondence. He married a lady of great respectability; but the irregularities of his conduct

diminished the comfort of his union, and tended greatly to cause him to lose his rank in society. In the latter part of his life he removed for a short period to Edinburgh, and on two several occasions resided for some years at Paris, where he died on the 10th of May, 1826."

The *Letters on Literature* were not published "till the year 1783: it had been well for Mr. Pinkerton's reputation had they never been published at all. In a copy now before me," continues Mr. Turner, "lately the property of one of our most eminent critics, Mr. Park, I read the following very just quotation, in his handwriting, 'multa venusté, multa temeriter, multa cum bile.' Mr. Pinkerton himself, in his *Walpoliana*, p. 78, admits that Heron's Letters was 'a book written in early youth, and contained many juvenile crude ideas, long since abandoned by its author.' Would that the crudeness of many of the ideas were the worst that was to be said of it! but we shall find, in the course of this correspondence, far heavier and not less just complaints. The name of Heron here assumed by Mr. Pinkerton, was that of his mother."

Of the letters, one of the most remarkable, to which we consequently give the first place, is the annexed, with some striking traits of the character of Oliver Cromwell:—

"The following anecdotes concerning Oliver Cromwell, I learned in conversation, many years ago, from Mr. James Anderson, who was long the manager of Stockwell Street sugar-house in Glasgow, who was a man of veracity, and who died about thirty years ago, at a very advanced age. He said that he had them from Mr. Danzil, sen., a merchant in the High Street of Glasgow, who died in the beginning of this century; and that his friend Danzil's account was confirmed to him by many concurring testimonies. A short time before the battle of Dunbar, as Cromwell was reviewing the ground, accompanied by a few cavalry, a soldier of the Scottish army, prompted by his own zeal, concealed himself behind a wall which enclosed a field, and fired his musket at Cromwell. The ball did not take effect, but went near him. The cavalry seemed to be alarmed; but Cromwell, who was going at a round trot, never altered his pace nor tightened his rein; and only, looking over his shoulder to the place from whence the shot came, called out—'You lubberly rascal, were one of my men to miss such a mark, he should certainly be tied up to the halberts!' When Cromwell entered Glasgow, said Danzil, at the head of his victorious army, I was standing in the street called Bell's Wynd, at the end of it which joins the High Street, with a good many young lads and a shoemaker, who was well known to us all by his drollery and by the name of London Willie. As we were silently admiring the order of the troops, Cromwell happened to cast his eye upon us, and cried out—'Hah, Willie! come hither, Willie!' If we were surprised at this, we were more surprised to see Willie retire into Bell's Wynd, and one of Cromwell's attendants go after him, who brought him to

the general, at whose stirrup he not only walked, but went in with him to his lodging for some minutes. My companions and I waited till Willie came out, anxious to know why one of his station was taken notice of by the famous Cromwell. Willie soon satisfied our curiosity, by informing us, that his father had been a footman to James VI., and accompanied him to London at the union of the crowns: that he himself was bred a shoemaker, and wrought in a lane through which Cromwell often passed to a school, as he supposed: that Cromwell used to stop at the workshop to get his ball and playthings mended, and to be amused with his jokes and Scotch pronunciation: that they had not met from that time till now: that he had retired into Bell's Wynd, lest it should be remembered that his father had belonged to the royal family: that he had no reason, however, to be afraid—for the general had only put him in mind of his boyish tricks, had spoken to him in the kindest manner, and had given him some money to drink his health, which he was going to do with all expedition. Next Sunday, said Danzil, Cromwell went to the Inner Church in Glasgow, St. Mungo's, and placed himself with his attendants in the king's seat, which was always unoccupied, except by strangers. The minister of the church was Mr. Durham, the author of some religious books, which are still very popular. He was a great Presbyterian, and as great an enemy to Cromwell; because he thought, and early said, that Cromwell and his friends would be forced, by the convulsion of parties, to erect an absolute government, the very evil they meant to remedy. The text was taken from Jeremiah; and the commentary upon it, by allusions, was an invective against Cromwell and his friends, under Scriptural language and history. During this satire they saw a young man, one of Cromwell's attendants, step to the back of his chair, and, with an angry face, whisper something to him, which, after some words, was answered by a frown; and the young man retired behind the chair, seemingly much disconcerted. The cause of this was unknown to the congregation. It was supposed to be owing to some intelligence of importance which had been just then received; but it was afterwards known, and generally known, that the following words had passed between them:—'Shall I shoot the fellow?' 'What fellow?' 'The person.' 'What person?' 'That person.' 'Begone, sir: he is one fool, and you are another!' Danzil added, that Cromwell sent for Mr. Durham on the very next morning, and asked him, why he was such an enemy to him and his friends—declared that they were not enemies to Mr. Durham—drank his health in a glass of wine, and afterwards, it was said, prayed with him for the guidance of the Lord in all their doings. When Charles I. was in Scotland in 1633, a subscription was set on foot for building a new hall and library to the University of Glasgow; and the king's name appears at the head of the subscribers, for two hundred

pounds sterling. The king, however, was not able, I suppose, to pay that sum; and he contracted some debts at Perth, which are unpaid at this moment. When Cromwell arrived at the fulness of his power, he sent two hundred pounds to the University, and there is below the king's subscription, 'Solvit Dominus Protector.' One of the magistrates of Perth, hearing of this, thought it entitled him to ask payment of the sum which the king had borrowed when in that town. But Cromwell did not listen to his petition; and, when it was urged again and again, said with vehemence, 'Have done, sir, I am not the heir of Charles Stuart!' To which the other replied with equal warmth, 'I wot well, then, you are his intromitter—shall I say a vicious intromitter?' In the law of Scotland, *intromitter* signifies one who takes upon himself to manage the estate of a deceased person, and who, by that act, renders himself liable for all his debts; and *vicious* is, when it is done without any right, and therefore is a vice or iniquity. Cromwell, though absolute, did not even chide him for this freedom, but declared, that he would never pay that money; 'because,' said he, 'I will do things for a learned society, which I will not do for other societies, and I would have you know this!' Such facts mark the temper and genius of celebrated men more distinctly, perhaps, than the laboured character of many elegant historians; and the above I have heard, with some variations, from many persons as well as from Mr. James Anderson, of Stockwell Street sugar-house in Glasgow, who was not in the least degree connected with any of my kindred."

Horace Walpole's correspondence is delightful; and we copy from a number of his letters passages which can readily be separated, and convey entertaining or instructive *dicta* and criticism.

Dramatic Criticism.—"A chief ground of my observations on your piece proceeded from having taken notice that an English audience is apt to be struck with some familiar sound, though there is nothing ridiculous in the passage, and fall into a foolish laugh, that often proves fatal to the author. Such was my objection to *hot-cookies*. You have indeed convinced me that I did not enough attend to your piece, as a *farse*; and, you must excuse me, my regard for you and your wit made me consider it rather as a short comedy. Very probably, too, I have retained the pedantic impressions of the French, and demanded more observance of their rules than is necessary or just; yet I myself have often condemned their too delicate rigour. Nay, I have wished that farce and speaking harlequin were more encouraged; in order to leave open a wider field of invention to writers for the stage. Of late I have amply had my wish: Mr. O'Keeffe has brought our audiences to bear with every extravagance; and, were there not such irresistible humour in his utmost daring, it would be impossible to deny that he has passed even beyond the limits of nonsense. But I confine this approbation to his *Agreeable Surprise*. In his other pieces there is much more untempered nonsense than humour. Even that favourite performance, I wondered that Mr. Colman dared to produce. Your remark, that a piece full of marked characters would be void of nature, is most just. This is so strongly my opinion, that I thought it a great fault in Miss Burney's *Cecilia*, though it has a thousand other beauties, that she has laboured far too much to make all her personages talk always in character; whereas, in the present

refined or depraved state of human nature, most people endeavour to conceal their real character, not to display it. A professional man, as a pedantic fellow of a college, or a sea-man, has a characteristic dialect; but that is very different from continually *letting out* his ruling passion."

Lyrical Writing.—"You are so obliging as to offer to accept a song of mine, if I have one by me. Dear sir, I have no more talent for writing a song than for writing an ode like Dryden's or Gray's. It is a talent *per se*, and given, like every other branch of genius, by nature alone. Poor Shenstone was labouring through his whole life to write a perfect song, and, in my opinion at least, never succeeded; not better than Pope did in a St. Cecilian ode. I doubt whether we have not gone a long, long way beyond the possibility of writing a good song. All the words in the language have been so often employed on simple images (without which a song cannot be good), and such reams of bad verses have been produced in that kind, that I question whether true simplicity itself could please now. At least we are not likely to have any such thing. Our present choir of poetic virgins write in the other extreme. They colour their compositions so highly with choice and dainty phrases, that their own dresses are not more fantastic and romantic. Their nightingales make as many divisions as Italian singers. But this is wandering from the subject; and, while I only meant to tell you what I could not do myself, I am telling you what others do ill. I will yet hazard one other opinion, though relative to composition in general. There are two periods favourable to poets: a rude age, when a genius may hazard any thing, and when nothing has been foretold; the other is, when, after ages of barbarism and corruption, a master or two produces models formed by purity and taste: Virgil, Horace, Boileau, Corneille, Racine, Pope, exploded the licentiousness that reigned before them. What happened? Nobody dared to write in contradiction to the severity established; and very few had abilities to rival their masters. Insipidity ensues, novelty is dangerous, and bombast usurps the throne which had been debased by a race of *faintrains*."

Literary Men.—"With regard to the bookseller who has taken the pains of collecting my writings for an edition (amongst which I do not doubt he will generously bestow on me many that I did not write, according to the liberal practice of such compilers), and who also intends to write my life, to which (as I never did any thing worthy of the notice of the public, he must likewise be a volunteer contributor), it would be vain for me to endeavour to prevent such a design. Whoever has been so unadvised as to throw himself on the public, must pay such a tax in a pamphlet or magazine when he dies; but, happily, the insects that prey on carions are still more short-lived than the carcasses were, from which they draw their nutriment. Those momentary abortions live but a day, and are thrust aside by like embryos. Literary characters, when not illustrious, are known only to a few literary men; and, amidst the world of books, few readers can come to my share. Printing, that secures existence (in libraries) to indifferent authors of any bulk, is like those cases of Egyptian mummies which in catacombs preserve bodies of one knows not whom, and which are scribbled over with characters that nobody attempts to read, till no body understands the language in which they were written. As for the

shades that distinguish the degrees of mediocrity, they are not worth discrimination; and he must be very modest, or easily satisfied, who can be content to glimmer for an instant a little more than his brethren glow-worms."

The Olio. Vol. V., from January to July, 1830.
J. Shackson.

The same, monthly parts for August, September, October, and November.

THIS periodical, to which we have in former *Literary Gazettes* referred with great praise, continues to support, or rather, we should say, to elevate, its character, as a truly acceptable "museum of entertainment." Tales, legends, anecdotes, poetry, all kinds of fugitive literature, gathered with judgment from works of interest—original papers, spirited embellishments in wood, a new and neat type, and other recommendations, contribute to render the last Vol. (V.) and following No. still more deserving of success. Of its class, we know no publication which can be taken up with greater certainty of affording amusement to the desultory reader.

The Landscape Annual. Edited by T. Roscoe. London, 1831. Jennings and Co.

THESE are few of the Annuals which are greater favourites than the one to which we now advise the public to direct its regards. To each exquisite view is affixed a few pages, which contain some historical records of the place in question, or a poetical quotation which has associated its beauty with song— and both in romantic legend, and descriptive poetry, the Italian cities are very rich. The editor had little more to do than to select material, and this he has done with much industry and taste. We have made no quotation, as the matter contained rather pleasantly refreshes the memory, than offers original composition.

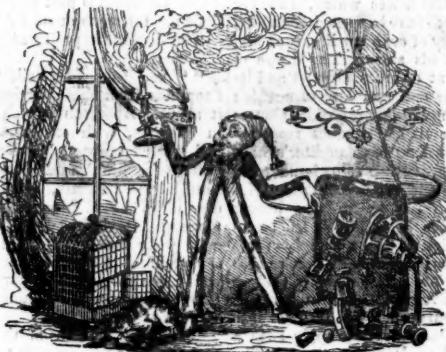
The Comic Offering; or, Ladies' Mélanges of Literary Mirth for 1831. Edited by Louisa Henrietta Sheridan. 12mo. pp. 351. London. Smith, Elder, and Co.

YOUNG, fair, susceptible (of merriment), &c. &c. &c. &c., as the *Edress* insinuates she is, in her gentle preface; are we worse than stony-hearted critics, are we Turks (*aside*—who manage women tolerably well for both sexes after all), or Infidels, or Fellahs, or Cherokees, or Foulahs, to say word against her? Yet a regular comic woman, off the stage, in literature, is a novelty which (query who?) might provoke an inquisitive mind to all the splendours of metaphysical investigation. Forbid it, gallantry! and the very stoical fashion which we have of saying little or nothing where little or nothing need be said.

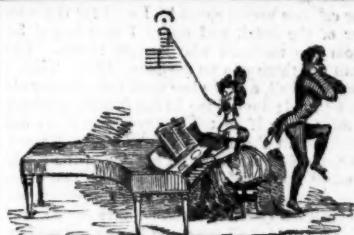
Mrs. or Miss (we know not) L. H. Sheridan has written, and pretty nearly designed, all this volume herself, in a shorter time than she anticipated; and as she says peculiar circumstances have attended her labours, which have precluded the variety she looks for in another year, it is but candid to admit the apology, and allow the *Offering*'s claim "of a LIVELY NATURE, exclusively intended for the boudoir, drawing-room, and ladies' library." (pref. p. v.) Beyond this we cannot go. There are nearly seventy embellishments, and not far from as many pieces in prose and verse. To say that either had surprised us by their talent or convinced us by their wit, would be—not to deceive ourselves; and we will truly give the best specimens we can select of both, in honour of the female *artista-literata* who has been funny enough to enter upon the path after Com-Ann-Hood.



"OH, NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?"



MR. NOBODY AMUSING HIMSELF.

LARGE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MUSICAL ORGANS.
A Gallic Air.

UPSET BY A SQUALL.

"Come, rude Boreas.
A lady was asked to sing,
At first declined;
But 'tis a customary thing
To change one's mind;
So fresh entreaties, winning wiles,
Again being tried,
The lady, with her sweetest smiles,
At once complied.

After a 'hem' and little cough
In proper form,
At length she in full cry set off,
And sung 'The Storm.'

But 'twas a most unhappy choice
For her to make;
She had a shrill and piercing voice,
'Tween scream and shake!
One whispers—Where is all the thunder
That she should bawl?
Does she call this 'The Storm?' I wonder?
'Tis but a Squall!"

"Taking Aim badly.

A lady, when asked 'why from India so often
Girls single return, though they've beauty and wit?
Replied, 'Pray remember (your satire to soften)
'Tis not at all times that a Miss makes a Hit!'

"An odd County.

To Hampshire a young doctor went,
To realize a store of wealth;
But Hampshire no assistance lent,
Its climate is so good for health;
He left the place in half a year—
'Twas useless there his time to waste:
His father asked in tone severe,
What brought him home in such great haste?
The son replied, with lengthened face,
Dear Sir, I've been obliged to fly
From such a healthy horrid place,
Where I could neither live—nor die!"

A French Gentleman's Letter to an English Friend in London.

"Ah my dear friend,—I can not feel the plaisir I expesse to come to your country charming, for you see I shall have the happiness to you embrace in some days from here; but it is necessary that I myself may rest before to set out. We are arrive at Southampton before yesterday at one hour of the afternoon, and we are debarked very nice. I am myself amused yesterday to look by the window which gives in the street. I see a crowd enormous of persons. I ask at the servant, 'What for all that?' 'It's a man that is beside himself, sir.' 'Oh yes!' I say, but I not understand; and I take my dictionary: I find 'beside, à côté de,' and 'himself' I know is 'lui-même.' That make together 'à côté de lui-même!' Oh not understand at all. I ask pretty girl of the house, 'What for crowd?' She say, 'Only man who is in his cups, sir!' 'Oh yes!' I say, but I not understand better. Search in the dictionary again: 'A man in his cups, un homme dans ses tasses!' Well, I can not understand. Call pretty girl again—'My dear miss, is it porcelain merchant fall among his cups?' She go away in clatters of laugh; very unpolite; and I hear her to say at the boy, 'John, that Frenchman seem a great spoon.' Boy replies, 'He is next to a madman!' Is it possible that the pretty person call me a cuillère? I not understand; so I look at the dictionary, and find 'spoon, cuillère,' very right. How it is foolish

for call one person spoon ! I send for the master of the hotel, and desire I may be put far from the madman who is next to me. The man say there was no madman at all. Then I ring the bell, and the boy come (who is very old and stupid ; he tell me he has fifty-nine years). I ask to him if he tell pretty person there was madman in the next room to me ? He say, ' Oh no, sir ; I never said nothing of the kind.' I say, ' You speak bad English with two negatives ; but I hear you say it when pretty person call me spoon.' Then he have shame, and his face redded all over, and he beg my pardon, and not mean that what he say. I never believe you when at Paris, you tell me that the Englishwomen get on much before our women : but now I agree quite with you ; I know you laughing at your countrywomen for take such long steps ! My faith ! I never saw such a mode to walk ; they take steps long like the man ! Very pretty women ! but not equal to ours ! White skins, and the tint fresh, but they have no mouths nor no eyes. Our women have lips like rose-buttons, and eyes of lightning : the English have mouth wide like the toads, and their eyes are like *dreaming sheep*, as one of our very talented writers say ' *mouton qui rôve*' . It is excellent, that. I am not perceived so many English ladies *tipsy* as I expect : our General Pilon say they all drink brandy : this I have not seen very much. I was very surprise to see the people's hair of any colour but red, because all our travellers say there is no other hair seen, except red or white ! But I come here, filled with candour, and I say I have seen some people whose hair was not red. You tell me often at Paris that we have no music in France. My dear friend, how you are deceived yourself ! Our music is the finest in the world, and the German come after : you other English have no music ; and if you had some, you have no language to sing with. It is necessary that you may avow your language is not useful for the purpose ordinary of the world. Your window of shop are all filled at French names—' *des gros de Naples*', ' *des gros des Indes*', ' *des gros d'été*', &c. If English lady go for demand, Shew me, if you please, sir, some ' *fats of Naples*', some ' *fats of India*', and some ' *fats of summer*', the linendrapers not understand at all. Then the colours different at the silks. People say, ' *puce évanouie*', ' *ail de l'empereur*', ' *flammes d'enfer*', ' *feu de l'opéra*' ; but you never hear lady say, I go for have gown made of ' *fainting fleas*' or ' *emperors' eyes*' or ' *opera fires*' or of the ' *flames*' of a place which you tell me once for say never to ears polite ! You also like very much our musique in England : the street-organs tell you best the taste of the people, and I hear them play always, ' *Le petit tambour*', ' *Oh, gardes-vous, bergerette*' , ' *Dormez, mes chères amours*', and twenty little French airs, of which we are fatigued there is a long time. I go this morning for make visit to the house of a very nice family. When I am there some time, I demand of the young ladies, what for they not go out ? One reply, ' Thank you, sir, we are always oblige for stay at home, because papa enjoy such very bad health.' I say, ' Oh yes ! How do you do your papa this morning, misses ? ' He is much worse, I am oblige to you, sir.' I bid them good-bye, and think in myself, how the English are odd to enjoy bad health, and the young ladies much obliged to me because their papa was much worse ! *Chacun à son goûts*, as we say. In my road to come home, I see a board on a gate, and I stopped myself for read him. He was for say, any persons beating carpets, playing cricket and such like diversions

sions there, should be persecuted. My faith ! you other English are so droll to find any diversion in beating carpets ! Yet it is quite as amusing as to play the cricket, to beat one little ball with big stick, then run about like madmen, then throw away big stick, and get great knock upon your face or legs. And then at cards again ! What stupid game whist. Play for amuse people, but may not laugh any ! Ah ! how the English are droll ! I have nothing of more for say to you at present ; but I am soon seeing you, when I do assure you of the eternal regard and everlasting affection of your much attached friend."

Maxwell: A Story of the Middle Ranks. By the Author of "Sayings and Doings." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THERE is nothing so strange as not to happen. The ordinary course of life is daily broken in upon by extraordinary events ; and that memory must have little to record, which cannot remember something that would have passed all belief, unless that belief were our own. What a common phrase is it in conversation, " Well, if I had read this in a book, I should not have believed it ! " And yet a novelist might rack his invention to go beyond the singular occurrences of actual existence. It is on a chain of improbabilities that continually take place—on coincidences which, however wonderful, we know to have happened—in short, on the extraordinary of ordinary life, that Mr. Hook has founded his story. The desire of aggrandisement is at once its interest and its moral. It is a true and useful picture which he draws of a man whose profession secures him competence, and his conduct respectability ; but who sacrifices his daughter's happiness to ambition, and whose honourable exertions for independence, gradually deteriorated by a passion for wealth, the honest and valuable member of society is led on to join in the most destructive schemes, —those gambling and ruinous plans laid by avarice, and excited by speculation. The story is told in the author's own lively and pleasant manner, —touches of keen sarcasm, vivid insights into human nature, and—if we may apply such a phrase—a chemical analysis of motives. The great difficulty in pronouncing an opinion on a novel, is, to allow for the endless variety of tastes in the many different readers it has to please. Now, in the volumes before us, one will like the excitement of the story ; another will enjoy the sketches of character ; a third will appreciate its keen vein of satire ; and, it may be, that some may prefer the very parts which others disapprove. We like Mr. Hook's wit ; it is as true in its application as it is keen in its perception. But we sometimes dislike his humour, when it degenerates into caricature. Ridicule is the test of persons, not of things. A man, in giving a dinner, may be absurd, from his arrogance or his affectation ; but there is nothing so very absurd in his living in a particular street, giving hashed calf's head, or having small cut glasses, in some of which are pickles, and in others preserves. These local ridicules were only relished in the first instance, from the oddness of their being brought at all before the public. The quarry was originally small, and it is now exhausted. The boundaries of civilised life and Oxford Street, is an old joke. " Something too much of this." Mr. Hook's talents are infinitely above this employment. It is a clever artist wasting his skill on a common-coloured print. Major Overall is a caricature ; so is Moss : his peculiarities of speech scarcely

tell on paper. The odd manner which, in speaking, would be aided by voice and gesture, and give effect to his droll terminations of words—his ginnums, for gin ; Neddums, for Ned, &c., must necessarily be lost on the reader. He makes some speeches at first, but falls off at last ; so difficult is it to embody a mere oddity in writing. On the contrary, Apperton strikes us as a masterly sketch, because it is true to nature. The calm, commonplace temper ; the routine of business habits ; the narrow-mindedness attendant upon want of feeling and want of information ; the small economy, together with the spirit of speculation ; the saving sixpence, and risking thousands, is caught to the very life. Maxwell himself is admirable ; so is his daughter—an exquisitely finished and womanly portrait. There is an occasional carelessness of language, and one or two rather coarse jokes ; but these are the exceptions, not the rule. We shall endeavour to form a mosaic of our quotations, collecting specimens of what strikes us as characteristic and original. A misanthrope makes the following excuse for his satire :—

" And you abusing every body I happened to mention," said Maxwell. " That's not my fault, Maxwell," said Moss ; " the blame lies upon those who deserve the censure ; however, I believe I am much quieter than I used to be. I find the world is past improvement, and it is little use trying to mend it."

The heroine's projected marriage is next introduced.

" Yes," said Maxwell, " I have hopes of happiness from that marriage, if we can bring it about. Apperton is rich and indefatigable in business, with excellent city connexions, and a good property." " Kate doesn't care a button for him," said Moss, pushing away snuff-box, wine-glass, plate, and all. " How d'y mean ? " said Maxwell ; " she receives his addresses, is civil and kind to him, and has gone so far as to tell me that she has no objection to him." " Pleasant state of affection upon which two people are to marry."

Our misanthrope concludes with the pleasant conviction that—

" I know enough of the world to know that the more pains a man takes to please, the more he gets abused."

These slight touches of satire seem to us peculiarly happy. Speaking of professional people, our author makes an excellent remark.

" It seems pretty clear that none of our fellow-creatures enjoy life more than the successful member of one of the learned professions. There is, it is true, constant toil : but there are constant excitement, activity, and enthusiasm ; at least, where there is not enthusiasm in a profession, success will never come ; and, as to the affairs of the world in general, the divine, the lawyer, and the medical man, are more conversant and mixed up with them than any other human beings—cabinet ministers themselves not excepted."

The next passage, though in a graver tone, is too true to be omitted.

" Enjoyment, indeed, is altogether comparative ; and, without some variation of the scene, it is impossible properly to appreciate the value of comfort and splendour. To enjoy life with all its acuteness,—to be deeply moved by the sorrows of others, or highly elevated by our own happiness, it is necessary to mingle with all classes, to see such scenes as naturally fall under the observation of professional men, to hear such tales as meet their ears, and, in short, to participate more or less in the various

pains and pleasures, which Providence, in its wisdom, has assigned as the lot of those who are forced, as it is colloquially called, 'to fight their way through the world.' There is more healthful exercise for the mind in the uneven paths of middling life, than there is on the macadamised road of fortune. Were the year all summer, how tiresome would be the green leaves, and the bright sunshine!—as, indeed, those will admit, who have lived in climates where vegetation is always at work."

We must give the conversation between Miss Maxwell and her intended, respecting the place where the honey-moon is to be spent.

"Where shall it be then?" said Katherine; "you have only to fix, and I shall be happy to accede to your proposition." "No, by no means," replied the lover; "you must decide, and I shall obey." This was with reference to the watering-place to which they were to retire to pass the honey-moon—since watering-place, by the influence of Moss, Maxwell had announced it to be. "What say you to Hastings?" said Miss Maxwell. "Hastings?" said Apperton, sardonically. "The country about it," said Kate, "is pretty, the situation sheltered to suit my father; there are many agreeable objects in the neighbourhood, and the spot itself is historically interesting." "So it is," said Apperton, "and I dare say it is a nice place enough; but they gave some friends of mine, last year, an infernal bad dinner at an inn there—thirteen shillings a bottle for claret—and the fish not over good." "Well then," said Kate, "the Isle of Wight—a perfect paradise?" "Yes, the pictures I have seen of that are very pretty," said Apperton; "but then there's all the trouble of the sea, and additional expense and uncertainty." "Well then, Brighton?" said the nymph. "Why yes, Brighton, I think is best," replied the swain. "Its nearest to town." "Not so secluded as it might be," sighed the bride elect. "Not quite secluded," said Apperton, "but sufficiently so. If you like retirement, any of the small streets away from the sea would answer; and the rents, I suppose, are much lower in those parts of the town, than on the cliffs." "Ah!" sighed Kate again. "They tell me the beef isn't good at Brighton," continued the stockbroker; "but I dare say we shall be very happy: the mutton, my friend Hopkins says, is famous, and fish I know is uncommon cheap; and besides there are stages to town almost every hour, so that one can run up to business when it gets dull."

A delay takes place: we quote the dialogue as a specimen of an ardent lover.

"When Apperton returned from the city, it was held to be a matter of delicacy, and even difficulty, to announce to him the change which had been made in the arrangements for the nuptials; but the elder Maxwell undertook to negotiate the matter, and having, by a circuitous route, mentioned the subject of Edward's much wished-for marriage with his cousin, came at last to the point, and hoped that Apperton would not feel annoyed at their having altered and postponed the day without waiting to consult him, explaining, at the same time, the absolute necessity that existed for the presence of the reverend vicar of Fudley cum Pipes at his living in the intermediate time. Kate entered the room during the discussion, and candid, or perhaps careless, as she was upon the points of etiquette connected with the approaching ceremony, even she thought it necessary to put on an air of something like pique and dissatisfaction at the alteration. 'Then, when is it to be?' said Apperton. 'We now propose to-morrow three weeks,' said Maxwell.

"Let me see—Tuesday—Thursday—Friday—

that will be the 14th," said Apperton. "Exactly," said Maxwell. "Twenty-two days," said Katherine, with a semi-sigh. A pause ensued. The father and daughter were alarmed; they thought they had wounded the delicacy, and hurt the feelings of the ardent lover. "The 14th?" repeated Apperton,—"couldn't we put it off till the 21st?—it would be more convenient to me, because of the 15th, you see, being the day for the account." They were entirely relieved from all their embarrassments, and the 21st was fixed."

We have not room for a most amusing dissertation on dinners, but we must quote the winding-up pun.

"Life in London would be a dull work unless illustrated with plates."

The ensuing matrimonial sketch is true "to the life."

"To prove the badness of the weather, it is only necessary to say, that, as the shining bridegroom handed his amiable Kitty into the carriage at her father's door, he observed, at that crisis of affairs, 'that he thought they should have a wretched journey of it to Brighton.' Wretched!—Any journey with one's bride wretched! What has rain or cold to do with the warmth and sunshine of the heart? Siberia, with the one loved being, would be as blooming, as cheering, and as fertile, as Italy; a dungeon so accompanied, more delightful than the brightest palace of the east without her; but not to Mr. Apperton, who, like hackney-coach horses, had his work and recreation limited by the bills of mortality; who had not been twenty miles from the metropolis in as many years; who believed Richmond Hill one of the highest mountains in Europe, and considered Severndroog Castle, on Shooter's Hill, a perfectly inaccessible fortress. It is true, he had been to Margate, on the salt sea, in a steam-boat; but, the moment he embarked at the Tower stairs, he sat himself down in a sort of coffee-house box in the cabin, with the daily newspaper in his pocket, and never left his corner till he was bumped ashore on Jarvis's jetty. A journey of fifty miles to Apperton formed such a large amount on the debit side of his day's happiness, that to have to undertake it, with all the accompaniments of wind and rain, was to him a matter of sufficient importance to make him forget, in the contemplation of it, that he had to enjoy the society of an amiable, accomplished young woman, during its progress; and that too with all the rights, privileges, immunities, and pre-eminences of a husband; forgetting, in short, that all her accomplishments, all her amiability, with herself into the bargain, were decidedly his own. But so it was—the weather had put him out of sorts, and the marriage procession, consisting of two carriages, had nearly reached St. James's church, where the indissoluble knot was to be tied, before he recovered his serenity, or rubbed quite dry and clean four or five of his new gilt buttons, which had been moistened by that indescribable humidity for which the atmosphere of London, at certain periods of the year, is celebrated."

We shall conclude with a droll summary of the merits of divers watering-places of fashionable resort.

"Tunbridge Wells is like Cranbourn Alley carried to Clapham Common; Bognor, with its pebble-stone rocks, dullness below misery; Hastings, a row of houses in a five's-court; Worthing, a bad imitation of its neighbour; Bath, a tea-kettle, always boiling and steaming; and Cheltenham a cockney edition of Hammersmith."

Is there not either a misprint or mistake in the name of one of the characters, for the Lord Bryanstone of one volume is called Lord Lessingham in the next?

If we except the very admirable tale of *Cousin William*, we think *Maxwell* is by far the best work Mr. Hook has produced; and we have not enjoyed it the less for recognising the originals of some of the characters.

Historical Account of the Navigable Rivers, Canals, and Railways, throughout Great Britain, as a Reference to Nichols, Priestley, and Walker's new Map of Inland Navigation. Derived from original and parliamentary Documents, in the possession of Joseph Priestley, Esq. 4to. pp. 776, with a six-sheet map in case. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

In speaking of the origin of inland navigation, do we allude to the first period when the bark of trees was moulded into boats, and made the vehicles of transport, of fishing, or of travelling; or, do we restrict ourselves to the period when, by the aid of art, rivers were rendered navigable, and courses of water, under the name of canals, were carried over portions of the main-land? It is evident, that in the elaborate work before us, the text of an equally elaborate map, that the latter is the point from which the author takes his departure; though, like the descent of the earliest nations along the navigable rivers, and their colonisation of their fertile shores, the period at which these important adjuncts to the convenience and profit of commercial nations, were introduced either into China, or India, or Egypt, is involved in much obscurity.

Our enthusiasm, however, in the cause of canals, like their pecuniary value, abates very much when we turn to the consideration of the value and utility and advantages of railways, of the period of their first adoption for the conveyance of goods, "by whom they were originally brought into use, and in what part they obtained their celebrity, are facts alike unknown;" though it appears very probable, that the first workers of mines, not only in Great Britain, but in other countries also, were acquainted with the method of laying a kind of tram for the sledge to run upon, afterwards fitted with wheels, and converted into small waggons, to which we may trace the origin of our present improved mode of constructing them.

A new era was commenced with respect to rail-ways and tram-roads, by the extension of the other branches of mechanical science, and particularly the application of that at once powerful and flexible agent, steam, which gives to engines a motive power of the most fearful energy, which raises up water from the deepest abysses, gives a form to the most refractory and hardest metals, and at the same time will execute the most minute and delicate operations.

Mr. Priestley assigns the credit of being the first to apply the steam-engine to the propelling of loaded waggons on rail-ways to Mr. Treventhick, of Cornwall. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* appears to claim the credit for the unfortunate Symington, who, in 1787, exhibited in Edinburgh the model of a carriage propelled by steam. His scheme was improved upon by Mr. John Blenkinsop, of Middleton, near Leeds; and most of the eminent engineers since that period have turned their attention to the subject.

"The late experiment made with the carriages (says the author) of Messrs. Gurney, Stephenson, Erickson, Braithwaite, and other

celebrated engineers, on the Liverpool and Manchester rail-way, have proved with what speed the distance between different places may be traversed; and the numerous applications to parliament, for acts to legalise the construction of rail-ways in many parts of the country, sufficiently prove the interest with which the subject is taken up; whilst, from the very circumstance of the rapidity where-with carriages have been propelled on this railway, it is now probable that, ere long, his majesty's mails will be conveyed on the plan introduced by Mr. Dick."

A carriage, bearing along with it other vehicles, and a considerable number of passengers, traversing in the space of an hour a distance of from twenty-one to thirty miles, was a sight which naturally excited much curiosity and interest. It was immediately inquired how it took place? Whether it would be possible to make these vehicles move on ordinary roads, or only on railways? Whether the same means of transport were susceptible of adaptation in all parts of the country? Or, were there obstacles which opposed themselves to their utility becoming general? These questions have now been pretty satisfactorily answered.

The great obstacle was the weight of the carriage, and the resistance offered by the inequalities of the road: now, the resistance created, and which resulted from this force of inertia and of friction, is in exact proportion to the weight. If we reduce our coaches to the size of ordinary vehicles, we do not leave sufficient power to overcome these obstacles; while, if we give them all the necessary power, their dimensions render them inconvenient, and they are inferior to the ordinary modes of transport, both in point of celerity and economy. To overcome these obstacles, rail-ways were invented; hard and polished surfaces, made of wood or metal, were introduced, on which the wheels of the carriages rolled with an ease and facility as much superior to what is obtained on the turnpike roads, as the facilities presented by these exceeded the bad roads of our forefathers.

In writing the historical account of the navigable rivers, canals, and rail-ways, throughout Great Britain, Mr. Priestly has furnished a very excellent and necessary accompaniment to the splendid map of inland navigation by Messrs. Nichols, Priestly, and Walker. It is difficult to say anything of a work which contains mere statistical data of the greatest simplicity. The rivers, canals, and rail-ways, are arranged alphabetically, and the details given comprise the period at which they originated, or received the royal assent; the sums expended in their construction, or improvement, and the number and amount of shares; their length, width, and depth; the nature of the country through which they pass; the general articles of conveyance, and the price of tonnage; besides much additional information on many other points of interest to commerce, or connected with the local advantages of the different undertakings.

Indeed, one of the most important objects in a commercial country is the facilitating communication between the most distant points of that country. Dupin considers perfection in the modes of communication as the most essential source of prosperity; and it has been remarked by another author, that by uniting in a more intimate manner the different parts, it tends to give unity, power, and consistency, to the whole. Much as has been said of the labours of oriental nations, or of the toiling in-

habitants of the long banks of the Nile, to improve the inland navigation of their respective countries, in future days Great Britain will be pointed out as containing, previous to the introduction of rail-ways, the most stupendous examples of the efforts of human industry, seconded by commercial capital; and a glance at the map will shew us an island bevelled all over, and united at every point by the most extensive system of inland navigation that ever characterised any country.

We have examined this map with care and attention; and in point of accuracy of details, correctness of execution, and perfection of the whole, it fully answers our expectations of what the able engineers would accomplish. It is with the greatest diffidence, then, that we venture to make a few remarks on such a laboured production; and, in the first place, accurate as it is in its hydrographical features, why should it not have been so in the mountain chains, with whose directions and connexions the former are intimately allied? We do not mean to say that there are any inaccuracies in this map that did not occur in those that preceded it; but this was a fair opportunity to introduce a perfection which has been for some time in general use on the continent. The Cheviot range, for example, is made a single hill; the Pentland range is hardly marked; while Wilson-Town iron-works, which are on a moor, appear to be on a mountain range. There is such a science as geology—a science which in modern times has received too great an impulse from men of intellect, and has contributed too much to assist in the construction of roads, the operations of mining, and all other undertakings connected with the earth, to be entirely neglected. The plan adopted by the authors, of using chemical signs to denote the presence of iron, copper, cobalt, &c. is certainly a very excellent one; but there is much inconsistency in the manner in which their names, or their expressions, are used. If they are meant for references to mineralogical localities, they are altogether insufficient; and if they are used in an economical point of view, they are in very many cases unauthorised. The geological details are meagre in the extreme. The Malvern hills are marked as limestone, when there are only a few hills of limestone to the north-east, and those not connected with the range, which is granitic. Sandstones go by the name of stone, as the stone (new red sandstone) of Ross, and the stone (granite) of Edinburgh. We have also strong evidence of the value of geology as a mere science of nomenclature; in the map before us, rocks which have hardly a character in common, excepting their chemical constitution, are all included under the domination of limestone; while the authors are, we are sure, well aware that the hard limestone of the Avon or the Wye will burn well, or make roads, but is not fit for architectural purposes; and that of Derbyshire will receive an excellent polish; while the limestone of Bath, or Cheltenham, which at Scarborough the authors mark as freestone, is excellently adapted for building, or for lithographic stones. The magnesian limestone of Sunderland evinces equally peculiar properties, unfit for building; it also renders argillaceous or siliceous soils more arid, to which other limestones are as a manure, and, except in some parts of Marsden-rock, incorrectly spelt Marston in the map, it is not generally burnt. Need we remark to those acquainted with the intimate relation of the geological structure of the earth, with its physical aspect and its general appearance, and with the facilities or obstacles presented by that

structure, of what additional value it would have been had the map been geologically coloured after the excellent maps of Smith or of Greenough?* With these few exceptions, upon which we do not like to dwell, it is a most splendid chart, and certainly the best hydrographical map which we possess.

Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers and the Investigation of Truth. By John Abercrombie, M.D. 8vo. pp. 435. Edinburgh, 1830. Waugh and Innes; Glasgow, M. Ogle; Dublin, Currie and Co.; London, Whittaker and Co.

MYRIADS of materialists deny the existence of the soul, and will not let us believe we have any mind at all. On the other side, one man (Berkeley) is ready to swear to the non-existence of matter—consequently, we can have no body. Reduced, then, to a state without either body or mind, how shall we becomingly applaud and adequately appreciate the philanthropy and philosophy of that man who, in this deplorable hour of need, hastens to our aid, rescues us from non-entity, fairly convinces us we have *both*, and elates us with the assurance that we are *somedodies*? In these days, when the bulwarks of society are openly assaulted by the avowed atheist, and its foundations are at the same time being sapped by the more insidious approaches of the sceptic—surely he merits the gratitude of his fellow-citizens who repels the advances of the one by demolishing his dogmata, and countermines the other by exposing his subtleties. It is well, once in a way, to have such a writer as Dr. Abercrombie come forward and disperse, by the light of philosophy, the thick darkness of materialism, which, since it cannot be seen through, blinds and bewilders the mental vision, and in which, as none can find their way, all must alike go astray, and wander in error. We quote the following passage, wherein the independent existence of mind is vindicated, and its immortality ably defended and argumentatively ascertained:—

"We have, in truth, the same kind of evidence for the existence of mind, that we have for the existence of matter; namely, from its properties—and of the two, the former appears to be the least liable to deception. 'Of all the truths we know,' says Mr. Stewart, 'the existence of mind is the most certain. Even the system of Berkeley concerning the non-existence of matter, is far more conceivable than that nothing but matter exists in the universe.' A similar mode of reasoning may be applied to the modification of materialism more prevalent in modern times, by which mind is considered as a result of organisation, or, in other words, a function of the brain; and upon which has been founded the conclusion, that, like our bodily senses, it will cease to be, when the bodily frame is dissolved. The brain, it is true, is the centre of that influence on which depend sensation and motion. There is a remarkable connexion between this organ and the manifestations of mind; and by various diseases of the brain these manifestations are often modified, impaired, or suspended. We shall afterwards see that these results are very far from being uniform; but even if they were uniform, the facts would warrant no other conclusion than that the brain is the organ of communication between the mind and the external world. When the materialist advances a single step beyond this, he plunges at once

* This may, however, be done by hand, as an addition.
—Ed.

into conclusions which are entirely gratuitous and unwarranted. We rest nothing more upon this argument, than that these conclusions are unwarranted; but we might go farther than this, and contend, that the presumption is clearly on the other side, when we consider the broad and obvious distinction which exists between the peculiar phenomena of mind, and those functions which are exercised through the means of bodily organisation. They do not admit of being brought into comparison, and have nothing in common. The most exquisite of our bodily senses are entirely dependent for their exercise upon impressions from external things. We see not without the presence both of light and a body reflecting it; and if we could suppose light to be annihilated, though the eye were to retain its perfect condition, sight would be extinguished. But mind owns no such dependence on external things, except in the origin of its knowledge in regard to them. When this knowledge has once been acquired, it is retained and recalled at pleasure; and mind exercises its various functions without any dependence upon impressions from the external world. That which has long ceased to exist is still distinctly before it; or is recalled, after having been long forgotten, in a manner even still more wonderful; and scenes, deeds, or beings, which never existed, are called up in long and harmonious succession, invested with all the characters of truth, and all the vividness of present existence. The mind remembers, conceives, combines, and reasons; it loves, and fears, and hopes, in the total absence of any impression from without that can influence, in the smallest degree, these emotions; and we have the fullest conviction that it would continue to exercise the same functions in undiminished activity, though all material things were at once annihilated. This argument, indeed, may be considered as only negative; but this is all that the subject admits of. For when we endeavour to speculate directly on the essence of mind, we are immediately lost in perplexity, in consequence of our total ignorance of the subject, and the use of terms borrowed from analogies with material things. Hence the unsatisfactory nature of every physiological or metaphysical argument respecting the essence of mind, arising entirely from the attempt to reason the subject in a manner of which it is not susceptible. It admits not of any ordinary process of logic; for the facts on which it rests are the objects of consciousness only; and the argument must consist in an appeal to the consciousness of every man, that he feels a power within totally distinct from any function of the body. What other conception than this can he form of that power by which he recalls the past, and provides for the future—by which he ranges uncontrolled from world to world, and from system to system—surveys the works of all-creating power, and rises to the contemplation of the Eternal Cause? To what function of matter shall he liken that principle by which he loves and fears, and joys and sorrows—by which he is elevated with hope, excited by enthusiasm, or sunk in the horrors of despair? These changes also he feels, in many instances, to be equally independent of impressions from without, and of the condition of his bodily frame. In the most peaceful state of every corporeal function, passion, remorse, or anguish, may rage within; and, while the body is racked by the most frightful diseases, the mind may repose in tranquillity and hope. He is taught by physiology, that every part of his body is in a constant state of change, and that, within a certain

period, every particle of it is renewed. But, amid these changes, he feels that the being whom he calls himself remains essentially the same. In particular, his remembrance of the occurrences of his early days, he feels to be totally inconsistent with the idea of an impression made upon a material organ, except he has recourse to the absurdity of supposing that one series of particles, as they departed, transferred the picture to those which came to occupy their room. If the being, then, which we call mind or soul, be, to the utmost extent of our knowledge, thus dissimilar to, and distinct from, any thing that we know to be a result of bodily organisation, what reason have we to believe that it should be affected by any change in the arrangement of material organs, except in so far as relates to its intercourse with this external world. The effects of that change which we call the death of an animal body, are nothing more than a change in the arrangement of its constituent elements; for it can be demonstrated, on the strictest principles of chemistry, that not one particle of these elements ceases to exist. We have, in fact, no conception of annihilation; and our whole experience is opposed to the belief of one atom that ever existed having ceased to exist. There is, therefore, as Dr. Brown has well remarked, in the very decay of the body, an analogy which would seem to indicate the continued existence of the thinking principle, since that which we term decay is itself only another name for continued existence. To conceive, then, that any thing mental ceases to exist after death, when we know that every thing corporeal continues to exist, is a gratuitous assumption, contrary to every rule of philosophical inquiry, and in direct opposition, not only to all the facts relating to mind itself, but even to the analogy which is furnished by the dissolution of the bodily frame."

The well-constituted mind cannot but derive satisfaction whenever the faith of religion receives additional confirmation from the convictions of science, or is relieved from its perversions—while the believer, with renewed confidence, may enter into the assurance of the inspired writer, and say with him, "Though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

We quote another passage, on the effects of fictitious narrative.

"There has been considerable difference of opinion in regard to the effects produced upon the mind by fictitious narrative. Without entering minutely upon the merits of this controversy, I think it may be contended, that two evils are likely to arise from much indulgence in works of fiction. The one is a tendency to give way to the wild play of the imagination—a practice most deleterious both to the intellectual and moral habits. The other is a disruption of the harmony which ought to exist between the moral emotions and the conduct—a principle of extensive and important influence. In the healthy state of the moral feelings, for example, the emotion of sympathy, excited by a tale of sorrow, ought to be followed by some efforts for the relief of the sufferer. When such relations in real life are listened to from time to time, without any such efforts, the emotion gradually becomes weakened, and that moral condition is produced which we call selfishness, or hardness of heart. Fictitious tales of sorrow appear to have a similar tendency—the emotion is produced without the corresponding conduct; and when this habit has been much indulged, the result seems to be, that a cold and barren sentiment-

alism is produced, instead of the habit of active benevolence."

The inference from these objections, though the offspring of a benevolent mind, goes a great deal too far. We confess ourselves not prepared to admit the veracity of any one who should come and avow his immorality to have been superinduced by the perusal of the *Waverley* novels—that his heart had been hardened, through the consciousness of inability to break off the espousals of *Lucy Ashton*—and his charities had been congealed, from powerlessness to rescue the tortured covenanter. The only reasonable objection to such fictitious narratives we conceive to arise from their being too entertaining, whereby the taste of the mind, from revelling in sweets, may, from too great indulgence, become enervated, and disgusted with more substantial and alimentary food; and even this objection is not so much directed against the productions as against their abuse.

Dr. Abercrombie's work is written in well nigh a plain and intelligible style; which, considering the abstruseness of metaphysical communications, is no trivial praise. This will court the favour of the many, by whom the book would have been thrown aside, had it been unaccompanied by such recommendation. It contains, moreover, the deep science of a strong mind; and this will ensure it the approval of the philosopher.

The Oxford English Prize Essays. Vol. II.

[Second Notice.]

THE beautiful essay on the "Sense of Honour," emanated in his early days from the mind of Reginald Heber, late Bishop of Calcutta. We cannot do full justice to its merits, but console ourselves with the following quotations:—

Shame.—"Nor is it only by an appeal to our hopes and wishes, that a sense of honour maintains its influence. Shame, which may be defined the sorrow of pride, is a feeling so strange and so terrible, that while every other suffering may be endured with firmness, or thought of with indifference, this is the only punishment which no strength can sustain, no power avert; to which the greatest are not superior, and of which the boldest will confess their fears."

Instances of the influence of a sense of honour:—

"But honour is not satisfied with a pre-eminence over every other feeling: it is not enough that when human laws oppose its rules, that very prohibition is considered as an additional motive. It goes still further; it is always endeavouring to excel and transcend itself. When Bayard, 'the fearless and unblamed,' was bleeding to death amidst the ruins of France—what restrained him, since he had done his utmost duty, from accepting the assistance and compassion of the rebel Bourbon? And when our own brave Sidney, in circumstances almost parallel, displayed a still more noble self-denial, no duty, or even charity, forbade his quenching his own intolerable thirst, before he sent the water to the dying sentinel. There is, there must be, in such acts of glory a pleasure superior to all external dangers; a high and almost spiritual exultation, elevated above the region of external pain."

We cannot but admire the following mild rebuke passed upon the isolated views of those whose spiritual pride would have us believe that a benevolent religion demands the unspare sacrifice of every feeling of humanity.

"Self-respect, in short, is the most powerful, and one of the most useful, of our mental

habits; it is the principle to which the noblest actions of our nature may be most frequently traced—the nurse of every splendid and every useful quality. How far it may be occasionally abused, or how far it may be itself consistent with the principles of our holy religion, are questions which have long been disputed with violent and fanatical acrimony. The first objection I am neither prepared nor inclined to deny. To imperfection every human invention is liable; nor can it be considered as a subject of blame, that even our best institutions are only a chance of evils. But that a sense of honour is contrary to the spirit of religion, though Mandeville (perhaps insidiously) admits the charge, appears, to say no more of it, a hard and hazardous assertion. It will indeed, be readily allowed, that there is only one motive which can deserve the name of virtue; but to condemn as illegal or impious every other desire or principle, would be in opposition to all the wants and feelings of mankind; and would, by an inevitable inference, lay the axe to the root of civil government itself. Like every other law, the laws of honour are occasioned by the wants and vices of the world;—like them, too, they must derive their influence from the weakness of our nature. The perfectly virtuous man, if any such there be, needs no such stimulus or restriction; but for our sake, for his own, let him not withdraw from us, who are not so fortunate, those salutary restraints and penalties which fence our virtues by our passions, and unite in the cause of human happiness the powers of this world and the next. For a politician neither must nor can destroy the propensities he attempts to guide. He must take mankind as he finds them—a compound of violence and frailty; he must oppose vice to vice, and interest to interest; and, like the fabled Argonaut, accomplish his glorious purpose by the labour of those very monsters who were armed for his destruction."

We value this as the opinion of one whose piety and benevolence grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. It is known to all, that it was not long permitted Bishop Heber to continue under the hot sun of India those labours of humanity and duty to which his days had been dedicated at home; and that his life-springs were dried up in the warrant, that with him self-denial was no idle or unmeaning theory. Thus was his death the sanction of his sincerity. It is from the energies of such men, while living, that systems become effective in the agency of good; and as they still borrow support from their memories when dead, so should they emulate their example.

The Mechanic's Saturday Night; a Poem in the vulgar Tongue: humbly addressed to the Hon. Sir R. Peel. By a Mechanic. 12mo. pp. 19. Teulon and Fox.

In the march of intellect, the spread of knowledge, the "talented" exhibition of powers in the lower orders, and in the impartiality of our own criticism, we are not at all averse to allow the author to introduce his own performance. The following is his epistle to us, with the publication:—

"Sir—I trust you will excuse the liberty I have taken in troubling you with the enclosed poem. It is the work of a mechanic, a regular book-worm, and a nibbler of poetry. In the course of his book-grubbing, he stumbled over the Farmer's Ingle by Fergusson, and the 'Cottar's Saturday Night' by Burns. He was pleased with their fine descriptions of

the virtues of the Scotch peasantry, and he trembled with the wish to describe the virtues of the class to which he himself belonged—the London mechanics. How he has succeeded, the enclosed will shew. He submits it to you, sir, with some timidity, soliciting the honour of your notice and criticism. With the praise of a competent judge he will be pleased; with the fair and manly censure of a candid one, he will be profited.—Yours respectfully, B. H."

B. H. draws a very coarse, but we fear a very just, picture of the orgies of the ale-house, almost the only pleasure now left for the mechanic to enjoy; for rustic sports, and fairs, and other ancient pastimes, have all been found to be too profane for him to be permitted to taste, and he has been driven into the more secret receptacles of drunkenness and vice. We cannot stain our page with the description of the blackguard and abominable revels; but if Hogarth's Beer Lane, and Gin Alley, had a moral in them, we think a like lesson may be drawn from this low and vulgar saturnalia. At the close of his weekly labours,

"The blunt mechanic at pay-table stands,
While cautious scriveners examine his high score;
The cash he then receives with ready hands,
And eyes the slender total o'er and o'er;
Perhaps he has a thought aside to lay
A trifle, while affection softly leads,
His little hisping one a frock to buy;
Or other little matters that it needs,
But ah! the thought soon dies, the little one still needs.
For see, he joins the ale-house party grim,
Then home and home soon disappear,
Perhaps a name and home too far,
Whose soul's so often drench'd with gin and beer?
Soon, he gains the long'd, the low'd retreat,
The ranks of lusty drunks fast increase,
Half bawful and half bold he takes his seat,
And the first modest words are *pints a-piece*,
But O! what floods shall pour o'er call for *pints* shall cease!"

The progress of inebriation is fully, and, for decency's sake, too minutely painted, till we come to some of the effects of this shocking picture.

"But see! a shoeless urchin ope the door,
Staring with eyes inquisitive and sad,
He stalks dejectedly across the floor,
He seeks, and soon he finds his drunken dad:
He tells him how his little brother artless
Over his little sister that lies dead,
He tells how Henry of his father praties,
And cries and asks his man in vain for bread;
Then mark how the sot yawns, and how he lolls his head.
And then came in a gentle-looking creature,
Seeking her husband, modestly she stepped,
Grief and dismay seem'd busy in each feature,
And in her arms a half-clad baby slept;
Handsome she had been, but a train of sorrows
Had chas'd the roses from her cheeks away,
And in their stead pale Want had laid her furrows,
And dimm'd the lustre of her dark eyes' ray,
And in their half-rais'd lids a tear did ling'ring stay.
She spoke not harshly, but assaid to turn him
Up to his home with accents kindly mild,
Then angel-like she sent her mate before him,
And shew'd him his son sleeping lovely child;
Pleading for home and child in vain she stood,
Her kind looks he return'd with an angry frown,
And rais'd himself in shameful attitude,
Prepar'd to strike her and her infant down,
Poor thing! she then retir'd, as sh'd be submissive grown."

The horrid revelry continues; but, as we have said, the strain is unfit for us; and we conclude with the only two applicable stanzas we can select.

On London town! whose every alley throbs
With some dark doing or delightful spree,
Thy gin and beer, and thy uproarious mobs,
Eclat and praise immortal bring to thee;
O glorious land of snirking mobs, how blest,
Ye useful classes, happy must ye be!
For when by want, and woe, and ruin prest,
A glorious mob will fly to stave at ye,
Hall! land of smiling mobs girt by a frowning sea.

* The title-page itself tells us it is "in the vulgar tongue;" and it is a pity it is so; for, humble as it is, there are vigorous graphic powers in this piece of mechanism.

To scenes like these some poor men owe a home
Of scantiness, of wretchedness, and woe;
Such scenes compel the ill-us'd child to roam,
And on some mother's cheeks the tear to flow;
From scenes like these with deadly freshness spring
Some of each fault which human kind disgraces,
Amid such darken'd scenes with fervour clings,
Want and her patron Vice in close embraces,
While crime, with pale smile, points at the useful classes."

No wonder we have a metropolis teeming with profligacy and discontent! no wonder we have mobs crying (naturally enough) "no police!" no wonder we have tumults and apprehensions:—let those at the head take heed!

Utility of Latin Discussed: for the Consideration of Parents, or those who have Influence in the Choice or Direction of Juvenile Education. By Justin Bremen. 18mo. pp. 82. London, 1830. Wilson.

In discussing the utility of Latin, our author has set forth many confined, not to say remarkably ignorant, notions: we regret this, because, upon matters he understands, his style is plain, and calculated to convey his meaning in a manner well suited to the capacity of those for whose information he professes to write, and to whom, if master of his subject, he would be of considerable service. The question which he has at present thought proper to discuss, is beyond his comprehension, and a deplorably partial view is taken accordingly. The claims of the languages of Rome and Greece are too well known and appreciated to need our advocacy, or to be summarily knocked on the head by the shillah of Mr. Bremen. Let it be sufficient for us to point out some of this straightforward gentleman's plausibilities, and supply him with an exposure of a few of his fallacies. In apparent unconsciousness of these, he has successfully deceived himself, and may misinform many of his readers. To dissipate his own delusion, and prevent the diffusion of prejudice among those to whose especial consideration his work is submitted, will be a humane act in us, both towards himself and his readers. Mr. Bremen commences his assault upon the understanding of parents, by drawing a terrible portrait of a "learned blockhead."

"Of all the wretched beings that degrade the character of man, the learned blockhead is the most contemptible. This creature will affect a superiority over men of intelligence and discernment, merely because they are not 'classical,' although his own insignificance is manifest in the commonest argument, except it turn upon some unimportant grammatical quibble. Ask him what advantage he has derived from Latin, and, if forced to give some other answer besides the unmeaning pedantic smile of ignorance, he will probably say that no one can know grammar without it, nor can ever be an orator. Yet he is the worst speaker and writer himself that can be imagined. Is a public meeting to be attended, he is found to be of no use, though great things were expected from him. He cannot express intelligibly what he means, and plain men are obliged to explain the business. Nay, they even find it necessary to draw up the resolutions; and the only duty that may be assigned for him is, to correct any grammatical inaccuracies therein! Thus, the uneducated or illiterate men, as he would call them, do what requires intelligence, discrimination, and sound sense, while he is only fit for a mechanical part of the work; just as the professed scrivener is employed to make a fair copy in an elegant hand. If this be not inferiority in the mental scale of society, I know not what is; yet he is not sensible of his humili-

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tion. He still thinks Latin is every thing; and will the next day again talk of logic, of Cicero and Quintilian, after such signal proofs of their uselessness to him."

Now, if a classical education produces such bug-bears, or if the attainment of classical knowledge precludes the possibility of information on general subjects, Mr. Brenan is right, and the sooner it ceases the better: but the fact is, he assumes an imaginary pedant—takes for granted, that he who is versed in Latinity cannot know any thing else, and proceeds to the equitable conclusion, that proficiency in the same renders its possessor alike odious and useless. Having fallaciously created this prejudice, our author passes on to make a plausible appeal to the pocket. The heavy per centage upon a limited income levied by the expense of a university education, is lamentably undeniable, but is altogether extraneous to the subject of discussion: the utility of knowledge, when acquired, is distinct from the difficulty of its attainment. Mr. Brenan, however, was too well aware of the weight of the pocket in controversy, as elsewhere, to omit endeavouring to strengthen his cause by such an efficient mercenary; while upon the same subject he wanders to a point where he asks the parent a few sound and sensible questions.

"Now, for what do you intend your son? Is not this a serious consideration, when you resolve to give up to Greek and Latin, ten or a dozen years of the *studying* time of his life? Do you mean that he should get his bread by it—that he should read for a professorship, or set up for a schoolmaster or teacher?—see, at an early period, the probability of success."

If these questions were fairly asked, and faithfully answered, classical education would be relieved from much unmerited odium. The results of instruction at our public schools and universities frequently bring home disappointment to the mind of the parent, not only from accidental obtuseness in their children, but from cherishing expectations far more than are warrantable. People in business, more particularly, look forward to some immediate and tangible return for outlay in education, and Greek and Latin are accordingly beheld with very suspicious eyes.

"Go to Homer, if you will,
And see if he'll discount your bill."

is the test to which the utility of the classics is very generally submitted; and the discredit Homer has brought upon his firm by postponing to honour such acceptances, is almost incalculable. After proving the unutility of proficiency in Latin, Mr. Brenan whirls round, and would wheedle us into the belief that a "little Latin" is necessary, in order to understand the parts of speech of our own language! Though no very warm advocates ourselves for "half a year's Latin," we are glad that, after every obvious advantage has been omitted, or rejected, one is still acknowledged by our author; and from the *discovery* of this, the Latin grammar may still hope to be dog-eared a little longer. Mr. B., however, gets on, and, at page 51, recommends a little Greek also: the ingenuous principle upon which this is advised, never could have been developed by any one not recently dipped in the Shannon.

"No man should be wholly and entirely ignorant of Greek. Every boy ought, therefore, to learn the alphabet, and something of the spelling and accentuation. The characters are used in astronomy, and for other purposes, and he should, at least, know how to call them and ordinary Grecian names in reading. With this view, a lesson might be introduced, at the

end of the Latin grammar, sufficient for such instruction. A slight knowledge of this kind would be very gratifying hereafter. It would enable a man to copy, with the more facility, any Greek word or short inscription, that he might meet in travelling or otherwise, and it would make him pass off always tolerably well in general society. If, while reading in company, he met a Greek sentence, he might say the first two or three words, and then lightly observe, 'I never was a good proficient in this language, but perhaps our friend Mr. Pericles can give a version.' Mr. P. would then perceive, by his having read a few words in the characters, that he was not entirely ignorant of Greek, and as no further trial would be required in polite company, he probably passes for knowing a great deal more than the alphabet and accents."

After ridiculing proficiency in Latin throughout his book, our author consistently concludes by seriously proposing that the works of every celebrated English writer should be preserved in a prose translation in that language, as the only unchangeable medium in which they can be securely transmitted to posterity! We should not have amused ourselves with the absurdities of Mr. Brenan, and endeavoured to set him right, had not he also published a small work upon "Composition and Punctuation," which, as a plain, useful, sensible little treatise, does its author credit, will well repay attention, and has our strong recommendation.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

As we announced last week, the first ordinary general meeting of this Society was held on Monday, when its able and enlightened President, Lord Goderich, delivered a short but peculiarly appropriate extempore address. He observed, "that the pursuits which the Society was instituted to promote, were at once useful, interesting, and ennobling. They were useful—for all classes of society would necessarily benefit by that enlarged acquaintance with the resources of our own and other countries, which the improvement and diffusion of geographical knowledge, in fact, constituted. They were interesting—for scarcely any but had friends or relations, who, as seamen, merchants, or travellers, would still more directly profit from the information thus acquired. And they were ennobling—because they roused and exercised the noblest faculties of the human mind; the love of enterprise, the promptitude which meets and overcomes its attendant difficulties, the powers of observation which make the opportunities thus afforded valuable; and though last, not least, the attachment to strict veracity in narration; without which, all other advantages are worse than useless; but for which, he was proud and happy to think and say, that English travellers were, for the most part, pre-eminently distinguished. The Society met, then, with a conscious feeling of the worthiness of its objects; but these objects had, moreover, already received, and were still receiving, the sanction of all that was most eminent for rank and talent in the country. And this, too, would add to its satisfaction:—his most gracious Majesty, King William, had taken it under his most special protection, had conferred on it the title of Royal, and had added a regal gift, or donation, of fifty guineas annually, as a royal premium for the encouragement of geographical science and discovery. And the names in the list of subscribers sufficiently testified the quality and extent of the

approbation elsewhere bestowed on it. As to himself," his lordship continued, "he really hardly knew to what he owed the honour of being selected to be the first President of such an association. He had always loved geographical studies, and had been naturally led to attach much value to one branch of them—he meant statistical inquiries:—still, he felt unworthy of the distinction, now that it was conferred on him, and he could only promise to make up in zeal, and with the assistance of the council, for whatever he might want in ability and talent."

The minutes of previous meetings of council were then read, by which the Society was put in possession, historically, of every thing that had yet passed in the management of its affairs; and among other subjects thus brought under its notice, was a correspondence relative to a very old map of the world, preserved in Hereford cathedral, which the canons had most liberally offered, through Mr. Biddulph, treasurer to the Society, to send to London for its inspection,—an offer which, we need scarcely add, has been accepted. In the meantime, a fac-simile, on a small scale, was exhibited, and a short memoir read respecting it; furnished by Mr. Britton, the historian of our cathedral antiquities, who treated this as the earliest specimen of British map-making. Jerusalem is in the centre, with the rest of the old world not very much out of place; and England, Scotland, and Ireland, in particular, sufficiently correct and detailed to allow of a great many places being distinguished, and their names deciphered. But we shall not enlarge on this at present, as we may perhaps return to it when the map itself is brought to town.

The evening concluded by reading a list of the presents of books and maps already made to the Society's library. Among which we distinguished in particular, an offer made by Mr. Murray, Albemarle Street, to present the Society with whatever it might choose to select from his catalogue of publications. This liberal donation was received with great applause.

At the next meeting, Monday the 22d inst., an account of Swan River Settlement, drawn up by Mr. Barrow, from original and authentic materials, furnished by Governor Stirling, is, we heard in the room, to be laid before the Society: and this beginning of its proper business is exactly as it should be. This is an age of improvement and of emigration; but knowledge should precede all attempts at either.

*Prius, ignotum fero quam scindimus equor,
Vento et varium celli predicere mores.
Cura sit, ac patris cultusque habitusque locorum;
Et quid queque ferat regio, et quid quae recuset.
Quare agite, o propriis generatim discite cultus,
Agricole!*
Virg. Georg. lib. i. 50. lib. ii. 35.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

The last number which we have received of the *Bulletin* of the Geographical Society of Paris contains an account of the afflicting catastrophe which occurred in the environs of Mount Etna, the 16th of last May. Seven craters opened on the activity of the mountain, and several villages (eight are mentioned), which hitherto had always escaped the ravages of the lava, have been completely destroyed, all the habitations having been buried under heaps of calcined stones and red cinders, thrown far into the country. The coasts of Calabria, and all those parts of Italy which were situated in the direction of the wind which blew on that disastrous night, were covered by a red dust somewhat similar to that under which the lands neighbouring the mountain were buried. The occurrence of this dust had at first been consi-

dered as a very natural consequence of the eruption; but the editors of the *Bulletin*, influenced by letters from Palermo, think that it was brought from the plains of Africa by an impetuous wind from the south-east, which bore it over the Mediterranean. In support of this, it is stated, that chemical analysis does not allow of this dust being assimilated with volcanic cinders. We should like to see the results of this analysis; for we are very doubtful if, in the great variety of volcanic products, analysis could decide upon the igneous origin of a mineral.

Dr. Gillies lately read an account of volcanic dust, borne to a very great distance during an eruption of the mountain of Penequenes, in the Andes of Chili, to the Wernerian Natural History Society of Edinburgh, which also could not, by analysis, be referred to ordinary volcanic products. We might observe, too, that the researches of Professor Cordier, of Paris, have established the same difference between red and white volcanic cinders as between red and white lava, which are distinguished by a basis of augite or felspar. It is possible that the dust of African deserts may have been propelled as far as the shores of Sicily or Italy; though we do not see that the fact of a caravan having perished under the sands in the middle of May is any thing more than an accidental connexion.

RUSSIA.

AT various sittings of the Academy of Sciences in Pittsburgh, during the latter months of last, and the earlier months of the present year, a number of interesting papers were presented. M. Ostrogrodsky announced that he had resolved the problem of the propagation of waves on the surface of a liquid contained in a vase having the shape of a cylindrical sector; and that he believed he had discovered the equation of partial differences respecting the propagation of heat in the interior of liquids. M. Kuffer communicated the geographical position of several parts of the Oural mountains, and of Siberia, transmitted to him by M. Hansteen, and accompanied by important magnetic observations; as also a letter from M. Berzelius, containing an account of several minerals of the Oural mountains, compared with those of Norway. M. Hess described the results of experiments made on the salt-springs of Staraya-Roussa, in Novgorod. M. Hary sent notice from Odessa of the earthquakes which took place there on the 26th of November, 1829; and M. Hansteen, an account of the magnetic declension to the east of Siberia; &c. &c.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. SOTHEBY'S VERSION OF THE ILIAD: BOOK II.

(Read at the Royal Society of Literature. See our last
Literary Gazette.)

*The Grecian army, by the advice of Nestor,
thronging to council.*

As when the bee's dense nations rise and rise
From the cleft rock, and cloud with life the
skies—

In clusters hang o'er spring's unfolding flower,
Sweep to and fro, and wind from bower to
bower: [host,

Thus from their ships and tents, host urging
To council swarm'd, and darken'd all the coast.
Fame, wing'd by Jove, before the arm'd array,
Waved her bright pennons, and illumined the way.

* It has given us great pleasure to hear that this translation is destined for the press; Mr. Murray having, with his usual judgment and taste, undertaken its publication.—ED. L. G.

They throng'd—the tumult thicken'd—dire
the roar—
Deep groan'd beneath their weight th' encum-
ber'd shore; [way,
The while nine loud-voiced heralds forced their
Warn'd them to silence—and their kings obey.
Scarce was the clamour hush'd, the tumult
quell'd,
And each in order due his station held,
When Agamemnon, rising up, display'd
The sceptre Vulcan's art divinely made.
Jove first that sceptre sway'd, by Vulcan
given—

Hermes received it from the king of heaven—
From Hermes, Pelops—and from Pelops' hand,
Imperial Atreus, heir of his command ;
And when imperial Atreus left the light,
Thyestes held it in his father's right ;
His death its power to Agamemnon gave,
Alike to lord it o'er the land and wave ;
And Argos and her isles confess'd its yoke,
When, leaning on its strength, Atreus spoke.

*The Grecians, at the deceitful advice of Aga-
memnon, rush to their ships.*

He spoke—and all who ne'er his counsel heard
All flew impatient at Atreus' word—
The hosts rush'd rolling on, as wave on wave,
When o'er th' Taurian sea swillows rave—
When east and south in adverse fury sweep,
Burst the dark clouds at once, and lash the
deep ;

Or, as when Zephyrus o'er the harvest blows,
Waves the wide field, and rustles all its rows :
Thus the whole host was moved ; and loud the
roar,
As burst the living tempest on the shore.
On as they rush'd, the dust, where'er they
pass'd, [cast ;
Poised o'er their brow th' o'reshadowing column
And as their shouts immix'd, each urging each
To drag the gallies, sea-ward, down the beach,
To clear each trench, and strike the props
away— [bray.
Wide heaven's rent vault rebellow'd back the

Description of Thersites.

They met—all kept their stations—silent all,
Save loud invectives from Thersites' brawl,
Still jibing, still loquacious, right or wrong,
Still vibrating 'gainst kings, his serpent tongue,
Still prompt, if aught unseemly fed the jest,
To give the vulgar laugh a keenner zest.

Foulest of form, the wretch to Ilion came—
One eye was squinting, and one leg was lame—
The gibbous load that either shoulder prest
To close contraction pinch'd his pointed breast;
And on his sharp convexity of head
Stray hairs, like wool, were here and there
outspread—

His bitter joy Ulysses to defame,
Or dim the lustre of Pelides' name.

*Part of Agamemnon's speech preparing his host
for the ensuing battle.*

Now, each away, where festive joys invite,
There gather up his strength to stand the
fight— [shield,
New-edge the pointed lance, new-belt the
Pamper the steed to turn to flight the field ;
New-brace from side to side the battle-car,
To bear from morn till eve the weight of war ;
Cessation none, no pause, no rest from fight,
Till spread o'er either host one veil of night ;
Sweat from each breast down shield and baldric
flow,

Fail the o'erworn arm the lance to throw—
Sweat from each cours'er's widely-floating mane,
Foam on the chariot sweeping o'er the slain.
Be timely warned : who lone amid the fleet
Here willing lurks, and fears the foe to meet,

Fierce birds shall plunge their talons in his
gore,
And dogs contend his mangled carcass o'er.

Minerva arming for battle.

There, rushing o'er the war-resounding field,
In all the terror of her might revealed,
Mail'd in her panoply, Jove's martial maid
The shield of immortality display'd !
Bright blazed her *egis*, as its orb around,
In braid all gold a hundred tassels wound,
All finely wreath'd in heaven's resplendent loom,
And, singly, each o'ermatch'd a hecatomb.
Thru arm'd, amid the host the goddess flew,
The eye of battle kindled at the view ;
Each heart beat high, each arm felt tenfold
might, [fight ;
Each nerve, new-strung, thrill'd vibrating for
And sweeter to their ear the battle-roar,
Than winds soft wooing to their native shore.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

A REQUISITION having been signed by thirty-three of the fellows, amongst whom were Mr. Herschel, Capt. Beaufort, Drs. Wallich, Horsfield, and Fitton, calling for a special meeting of the council, a meeting was held accordingly on Thursday evening; but as it was strictly private, and as another council is to be convened on the same subject next Monday, we do not feel at liberty to publish what transpired, further than that a debate of three hours took place. The anniversary, on the 30th, is looked to with increased interest.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Chronological Epitome of the History of England; from the Norman Conquest to the present time: exhibiting the Succession in the Monarchy; the Ages of the several Sovereigns when they began to reign, and the duration of their Reign; the principal Statesmen, Military Characters, Men of Genius, and most Remarkable Events in each Reign. Howlett and Brimmer.

THE title so fully explains the nature of this publication, that we have only to add that it is beautifully printed, in gold and silver characters, on a purple or white ground; and that it contains as much useful information as it is possible to comprise in so limited a space.

Views in the East; comprising India, Canton, and the Shores of the Red Sea. From original Sketches by Captain Robert Elliot, R.N. Part III. Fisher, Son, and Co.

“ASSAR MAHAL, Beejapore,” drawn by T. Boys, engraved by G. Hamilton; “The Jumma Musjid, Agra,” drawn by W. Purser, engraved by T. Boys; and “Cawnpore,” drawn by S. Prout, engraved by C. Mottram; are the three embellishments of the third part of Captain Elliot’s publication. Of these, the Jumma Musjid, at Agra, is unquestionably the most rich and beautiful. It is one of the finest specimens of Eastern architecture. “Agra,” Captain Elliot observes, “like most other cities of India, consists of two portions; the one part presenting a scene of ruin and desolation, the other exhibiting a habitable and apparently prosperous condition. In some places the ancient and modern parts of a town are mingled together; in others they are separate; and of this last state both Agra and Delhi afford examples. A single century, or even a shorter space of time, is sufficient to reduce the streets and bazaars of an Indian city to a level with the earth from whence they rose, and to become almost as though they had never been;

while the larger mosques and tombs remain with little deterioration, and stand as melancholy monuments of the earlier splendour and prosperity of Eastern capitals. The Jummas Musjid, or principal mosque, at Agra, stands nearly fronting the Delhi gate of the fort, leaving an open space, about the size of a London square, between them. This building, though it wears the appearance of antiquity, is still quite perfect, and seems, together with the fort, to form a connecting link between the ancient and modern parts of the city; so that, viewing them in their present state, a question might almost arise, as to which portion they most properly belong."

Ireland Illustrated: from original Drawings by G. Petrie, R.H.A., and W. H. Bartlett, Esqrs. With Descriptions by G. N. Wright, M.A. Nos. 11, 12, 13, and 14. Fisher, Son, and Co.

AMONG others, views of "The Custom House at Dublin," "Bantry House," "Glengariff," "Waterford," "The Lake of Killarney," "The Giant's Causeway," and "Coltsman's Castle," at once attest the rich mine of the picturesque which exists in Ireland, and maintain the character of this cheap and pleasing publication.

The English Counties Delineated; or, Descriptive View of the present state of England and Wales. By Thomas Moule. No. I. Virtue; Simpkin and Marshall; and Jennings and Chaplin.

THIS is the first number of a publication, which is intended to consist of forty-eight monthly numbers; and to "form a complete English Atlas, containing a vast body of topographical information in a digested order: exhibiting the situation, extent, climate, and productions of the country, natural and artificial, with its government, &c., as well as the improvement in the arts, manufactures, and commerce of the kingdom." As far as a glance will enable us to judge, this work will, in a very unpretending form, and at a very reasonable rate, communicate much detailed and accurate knowledge.

Six Views of Brussels, exhibiting some of the Principal Points where the recent Contests took place; with a Plan of the City. Drawn and etched by Lieutenant-Colonel Batty, Jennings and Chaplin.

AT a period when the disturbances in the Netherlands have created so painful an interest in this country, a publication like the present is very appositely timed; and is calculated materially to assist persons who have never visited the magnificent city of Brussels, in understanding the accounts of those recent contests by which some of its finest edifices have been either destroyed or greatly injured. The etchings are executed in a slight, but masterly manner. We regret that they are not accompanied by a typographical notice, however brief, of the events which they are intended to illustrate.

The British Celestial Atlas. By G. Rubie. Part IV. Baldwin and Cradock.

THIS ingenious publication is now complete, and comprehends "a Familiar Treatise on Astronomy; two Movable Plates of the Celestial Globe, with Problems thereon; a Manual Planetarium, on which a variety of instructive and amusing experiments may be performed; and a complete Atlas of the Starry Heavens." From the cursory view which we have taken

of its contents, and of the manner of its execution, it appears to us that the hope expressed by Mr. Rubie, that the work "will be found equally useful to families, the conductors of schools, private students, and mariners," is justified by its merits. A game for young persons, described in the present Part under the name of "the Military Orrery," seems to us to be admirably calculated to facilitate the acquisition of astronomical knowledge.

ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE. On the 3d, the first annual meeting of this useful and interesting Society was held at the Freemasons' Tavern. Several of the new members, including the President of the Royal Academy, Lieutenant-Col. Batty, Messrs. W. D. Roberts and Prout, were present; and, altogether, about one hundred gentlemen attended. An extensive collection of works of art was laid upon the tables. The following appeared to be the most attractive. A large volume of drawings of forest and other trees, and landscapes, by F. C. Lewis—a store-house of the richest materials for the painter—once the property of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and now in the possession of Lord Northwick;—a painting of extraordinary power by Etty, of one of the children of Clarkson Stanfield;—an etching by Wilmore, of Harding's drawing, Lord Byron's dream, which promises to form one of the most excellent and effective of modern engravings;—two or three studies from the life, by Mr. J. Wood, (a member of the Society), and, in particular, a design from the *Musidora* of Thompson;—a collection of drawings, made during a recent tour in England, by Mr. George Sheppard, (also a member,) containing many of a highly picturesque character, and exquisitely finished;—number of sketches by the lamented Bonington;—a miniature copy of the late President's picture of Master Lambton, by Mr. G. R. Ward—an artist whose excellence in this branch of the profession is quite unrivalled, and who has, we believe, copied the greater proportion of the works of Sir Thomas Lawrence, at his own especial recommendation. Mr. Henry Behnes Burlowe, the sculptor, exhibited a bust of Mr. Clint, A.R.A.; and as the original happened to be in the room, we had an opportunity of judging it to be as extraordinary a likeness as ever came under our notice; as a work of art, it is also excellent. Mr. George Morant submitted a portfolio of drawings, which contained several from the admirable pencil of Prout, ("a brave painter," according to Barry Cornwall,) D. Roberts, Copley Fielding, Stoother, Cox, and Thomas Boys, a young artist of rich promise.

It is one of the primary regulations of the Society, that such members as are artists be expected to submit their own works to the inspection of the meeting. We regret that the rule is not sufficiently attended to. The only individuals who claim our thanks upon this head are, Mr. Behnes Burlowe, Mr. G. R. Ward, Mr. J. Wood, and Mr. Sheppard. In our future notices of the *Conversazione*, we shall conceive it our duty to point out for especial attention such gentlemen, as afford proofs of their industry, talent, and liberality, by exhibiting the efforts of their pencils to their brother artists, and to the amateurs who desire to derive instruction and enjoyment from their society.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—Relying on the candour with which your Journal is conducted, I beg leave to for-

ward the enclosed statement, which, however strong, I pledge my honour to prove beyond the possibility of doubt.—I have the honour to be, &c.

ANDREW DUNCAN.*

4, *Felis Terrace, Liverpool Road, Islington, Nov. 6th, 1830.*

Sir.—Having read in your paper a critique (dated Oct. 23d) on a plate called "The Orphans," published in the *Remembrance*,—I take the liberty to inform you, that the plate in question is not Mr. C. Rolls' engraving; it was engraved by me for Mr. Sharpe; but having been (very unaccountably) in Mr. C. Rolls' possession at the time of Mr. Sharpe's bankruptcy, it was detained, "to indemnify him for the very heavy losses sustained by him on that occasion;" not only was the plate detained, but without any reference to Mr. Gill, the painter, that extreme blackness was given to it, of which you so justly complain; and, to crown the whole of this honourable proceeding, Mr. C. Rolls "sold the plate to the assignees of the estate." It now goes forth to the world as his own; and I, who did the plate at a comparatively small price, in consideration of reaping the benefit of any merit, however small, attached to it, am unjustly deprived of that advantage, and obliged to suffer another man's name to be attached to my work, merely because Mr. Rolls happened to have money to accommodate Mr. Sharpe when he wanted it. Probably I should never have taken the liberty to address you on this subject, but that the same disposition to expose this kind of quackery, which has now arrived at an infamous pitch, that any man possessing money is enabled to buy the reputation of talent he does not possess; and trading on the brains of others, with or without their consent, make his way to eminence in a profession, in which, if his course had been honestly pursued, his own talent would never have raised him to mediocrity. As you have thought the plate worth noticing, I trust you will be kind enough to publish this statement of the affair, which is the fact, Mr. Rolls being furnished with extracts from his own letters, which wait your perusal, if necessary.

ANDREW DUNCAN.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

POLITICS IN THE LITERARY GAZETTE!

City Alarm: the Wellington Era.

EVERY body is excited—and how can we be nobody? Spite of prudence, we must dabble a little in politics, like the rest of the world. It is an awful crisis in the City of London: we were there on Tuesday, which, by the by, being no day in the calendar, has given rise to the new name of the present epoch: *videlicet, THE WELLINGTON PERIOD!*—as we say the Julian, &c.; for a very wealthy citizen assured us, there was *no ninth of November*, this year; and, in consequence, as a native of the Sister Isle remarked of this "intercalation," we might commence another new style, as we did of old.

But what puzzled us most, both in the city and at the parliamentary end of the town, was the origin assigned for the alarm so suddenly and unexpectedly spread. A riot was, it seems, intended; and no sooner had ministers got a *Key* to the whole business, than they were overwhelmed with consternation. The late Lord Mayor's procession implied no danger—he was only a *Crowd-er*; but with the Lord Mayor elect affairs had assumed a more threatening aspect—

They were determined to mob it, With Blacking Hunt and Porcupine Cobbett; and if the Premier ventured into the city, instead of the usual present of the Freedom in a gold box, the anonymous and other blackguards swore they would use the freedom of boxing his ears, or at least battering his coachbox. Here was a pretty plot!—all the wards, with their aldermen, turned out, besides Thomas Ward, the late Sheriff; and they all, upon the premises, refused to admit the opening of their master-Key. Indeed, they spoke scornfully. Cut off our lights! exclaimed the Chief of *Candlewick*; the thing is not to be done; I'll engage to find *Birch* enough to whip the demagogues out of the city. *P-Shaw!*

* Our sense of justice demands the insertion of this letter; and we shall be equally open to any counter statement from Mr. Rolls.

cried he of Portsoken. The maimed and lamed (if any—much doubt) may be sent to *Cripplegate*, quoth the witty *Wood*. Very *Fair-brother*, re-echoed *Lime Street*; while *Vintry* thought of his own name of *Winchester*, and wished, in the event of a real riot, he were *there*. William Thompson, Esq., M.P., delivered his sentiments more seriously: As all the necessities of life, said he, are like my ward, *Cheap*, I am really surprised at all this clamour and hubbub. The *Common-sergeant* offered to put himself at the head of any recruits, and to die for, if he could not live by, the city; and the *Clerk of the Peace* vowed he was not afraid of war. The *Sword-bearer* volunteered his single services; but the *Common Crier* evidently felt for the difficulties of the times, as his desponding looks too plainly testified. The City Marshals pledged themselves to protect their brother Marshal Wellington; and the *Coroner* expressed his extreme readiness to perform his duty, whatever might be the result; for, as he observed, there might be visitations of Providence, and *finis coronat opus*.

The city being in this bold and masculine position, and not terrified by the fulminations of the thieves and pick-pockets, now known by the appellation of "the people," it was a grievous disappointment on that day, which, as we have noticed, turned out to be *no day*, that there was no royal visit—no Lord Mayor's Show—no dinner in *Guildhall*. Then, indeed, the condition of the citizens became frightful. O dear! resounded along *Cheapside*—prayers for safety were breathed in *Pater-noster Row*, and clerkly answered by *Amen Corner*. From *St. Paul's* westward, as the *Cockneys* truly said, it was *Ludgate Hill*; and *Fleet Street* reminded the melancholous of the fleeting nature of human hopes and anticipations. To see the jostling and hustling of the passers-by and groups, one would have fancied

* Apropos of these dinners: we do not think our readers and musical friends are sufficiently acquainted with the humorous and amusing duet lately sung, so feelingly, by *Gog* and *Magog* on a festive occasion; and which appeared in the Second No. of *Hood's Comic Melodies*.

"*Magog.* Why, *Gog*, I say, it's after one,
And yet no dinner carver'd;
Shall we endure this sort of fun,
And stand here to be starved.
Gog. I really think our city lords
Must be a shabby set;
I've stood here since King Charles's time,
And had no dinner yet.
Magog. I vow I can no longer stay;
I say are we to dine to day?
Gog. My hunger would provoke a saint—
I've waited till I'm sick and faint.
I'll tell you what, they'll starve us both—
Magog. I'll tell you what, they'll stop our growth!
Magog. I wish I had a round of beef,
My hungry tooth to charm—
I've wind enough in my inside
To play the *Hundredth Psalm*.
Gog. And yet they feast beneath our eyes,
Without the least remorse—
This very week I saw the Mayor
A-feeding like a horse.
Magog. Such loads of fish and flesh and fowl,
To think upon it makes me growl—
Are we to dine to day, &c.
Gog. I wonder where the tools were taught,
That they should keep a giant short.
They'll stop our growth—
Magog. They'll starve us both, &c.
Magog. They said, a hundred years ago,
That we should dine at one;
Why, *Gog*, I say, our meat by this
Is rather over-done.
Gog. I do not want it done at all,
So hungry is my maw—
Give me an audience in chains,
And I'll eat him up.
Magog. Of starving wretches they discuss,
And yet they never think of us—
I say are we to dine to day, &c.
Gog. O dear, the pang it is to feel
So mesly-mouth'd without a meal!
I tell you what they'll starve us both—
Magog. I tell you what, they'll stop our growth, &c."

that *Pall Mall* had moved to the east of *Temple Bar*: but it was not so—*Pall Mall* was almost *Stranded* by griefs of its own, and had little more than a *Cross* to choose between.

But there is seldom any case so bad as not to have a spic of good to season it; and though there were bones of contention out of doors, there were crumbs of comfort and something more substantial within. Along the whole line of street from the *Palace* to the *Guild*, in every house, the master or mistress, or both, or both in one (where there was no divided sway), had shewn themselves worthy of the enviable station they enjoyed. Aware of the possibility of their being besieged by the revolutionary rogues who had menaced the tranquillity and tranquil eating of London, they, every housekeeper of them, had provisioned their Englishman's castles, and many of them called in their friends from remote parts, such as *Brompton*, *Hampstead*, *Highbury*, *Paddington*, &c. &c., to assist in their gallant defence; while others, more mercenary, had, by a capital *ruse*, persuaded bold and adventurous strangers to pay them for (the post of honour! i. c.) the privilege of fronting the enemy.

"Large was their bounty, and their souls sincere."

The preparations for holding out were on a very magnificent scale; and the whole was rendered nugatory by the non-interference of the foe. Of course the entire line of defence was abandoned, and the ordinary population left to consume the extraordinary supplies. Gluttons as they were, and with every stomach for the fight, they could not do it. It was pitiable to witness the efforts that were made, and made in vain. There was a perfect glut of turtle soup (in some cases, to be sure, a mere mockery), which went down, and down, and down, till it was below par. Pies were poison; rounds of beef met no longer with rounds of applause; chickens were at a discount, and turned out neck and crop; hams, tongues, and other salt meats, were no longer looked upon as refreshments; turkeys were pouted at, and pigeons in every way absolutely viewed with loathing detestation—for their proprietors could not help remembering they had already been pigeoned enough; the stews were disrelished—for every family was in a stew itself; unable to stuff any more, hares, with their own stuffing, were absolutely sold ready dressed; and, in fine, increase of appetite could no longer grow with what it fed on. On the contrary, *Amen* stuck in the throats of the gorged inhabitants, who had done all they could to remove the loads with which they were oppressed; but, like most reformers, discovered long before they got their dessert, that they only lightened one place to surcharge another. How it will terminate, no one can pretend to predicate; but it is whispered in private circles, that *Apothecaries' Hall* is to be illuminated. So much for proverbs.*

Another of the vexations which arose out of this metropolitan calamity, fell upon the progress of intellect. Preparations had been made to enlighten and illuminate the city, when the gloom gathered, and the march of lamp-light was so suddenly suspended. It was woful to think of the hundreds of thousands of human beings left, as the saints say, in darkness and ignorance; and it was most afflicting, in a political sense, to see the apathy and disloyalty generated on the occasion. The royal crown, which should have shone with so much

brilliancy, and been the gazing delight of all beholders, was every where lowered to the dust. *W.*'s and *A.*'s were treated like the most common letters of the alphabet; nay, the very anchor of England (as if it were a pique) was thrown overboard and all, like a worthless thing, and

Hope for a season bade the world farewell!

Union jacks and British banners lay on the flags profane—laurels from their palmy elevation were planted in the mud (oh, improper manure!), and hundreds of rows of lamps were sacrificed to the dread of one row.

Having witnessed these signs of the times with our own eyes, is it strange that, filled as others are with wonderment and amazement, we should endeavour on one small spot of our quiet, soft, and green literary field, (a field of relaxation and enjoyment, where all else is turbulence and noise), to expatiate on the engrossing topic of politics in our own way? England will right herself. She ought to be well and honestly governed—and there is nothing to create alarm. Alarm! Why it resembles a common full of asses. One silly ass brays, and another brays; and, anon, most of the herd, separately or in concerto, exalt their melodious voices; till, astounded by their own vociferations, they fancy the common about to be invaded, over-run, eaten up, and consumed. Poor beasts! the uproar and the danger are all their own: there will always be browsing for them, in spite of the radicals attacking the roots. In truth, it is the idle, the timid, the prating, the repeaters of every silly rumour, that swell the loud and empty blast of Britain's peril.

With regard to the burnings in Kent, they are rather more distressing than the fears of London. Better marry than burn, said Paul—better not marry, says *Malchus*; but, in the teeth of apostle and economist, the unhappy people do marry, and thus beget (according to the new lights) a surplus population, which, not being adequately supported, add their burnings to their parents' marriages—so that, in reality, they both marry and burn! Then, there is that phantom, "Swing!" a very Rock for the alarmists to split on. In a few weeks, we will predict, this bugbear of a *Guy Fawkes*, this *Swing of Kent*, will very likely come to the other swing at *Newgate*; and there will be two swings to terrify those who are afraid of ghosts.

In the meantime, with a good and popular King, with people of whom the great mass enjoy many blessings, and among the rest the blessing of common sense—and, above all, with firm purpose to apply every means to alleviate the sufferings and improve the condition of the poorer classes—"England 'gainst all the world!"

DRAMA. KING'S THEATRE.

On Saturday the performance of Lord Burghersh's opera, before the royal family and a splendid auditory, went off with much applause. There is a great deal of sweet music in the composition; but we cannot, now, afford room for a detailed criticism.

Perhaps the Italian Opera will be anglicised next season, if, as is rumoured, Miss Paton and Madame Vestris are engaged. The Haymarket Theatre, *on dit*, (see *Furet de Londres*) is to be opened by the French company in January.

* Quare, profits?—*Diabolus typicus*.

DRURY LANE.

A NEW divertissement was brought out here on Monday last, after the performance of *Henry V.* *Les Trois Sultanes* introduced a Mademoiselle Rosalia Guet to a Drury Lane audience. She is a respectable second-rate dancer, who has evidently chosen Taglioni for her model; and a better she could not have. We beg to decline otherwise noticing the divertissement. This is Mons. Simon's second essay, and unless he is labouring under great restrictions, the less we see of his productions, the better for all parties.—The glorious music of *Guillaume Tell* (Anglîc, or rather Hibernic, Hofer,) drew a suffocating house on Thursday, backed as it was by the announcement of a new farce for Liston, from the popular pen of Poole. In the opera, Miss Pearson and Miss Russel made their first appearances as *Berthe* and *Josephine*, characters sustained last season by Stephens and Vestris. Without trying them by so dangerous a standard, we are compelled to say that both the ladies are utterly incapable of executing the music of Rossini. Phillips and Sinclair drew down repeatedly the enthusiastic applause of the audience. The grouping, scenery, dresses, and the lancer-dance, kept them also in good humour; and, notwithstanding the desperate drawbacks before mentioned, the curtain fell amidst rounds of approbation.—The new farce succeeded, in both senses of the word. *Turning the Tables* is founded (it were unfair to say translated) upon Scribe's *Nouveau Pourraugua*. Its title explains its plot. Three would-be-wits of Uxbridge—the exciseman, a lawyer's clerk, and his cousin—lay their heads together to hoax an obnoxious visitor from Coventry, and have the tables turned upon them by the said visitor. Liston, as the *Exciseman*, was drollery itself; and Cooper played the *hoaxee* with great tact. The two Vininghs performed the very inferior parts allotted to them with spirit and vivacity; but perhaps the most difficult, as well as one of the best supported characters in the piece, was *Patty Larkins*, a Dunstable girl, by Mrs. Orger, who is decidedly one of the cleverest women on the stage. The little farce is very pleasantly written, and will no doubt be a lasting favourite.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE *Carnival at Naples*, supported solely by the talent of Miss Taylor, and somewhat of Power, still "drags its slow length along." This clever young actress in, however, we are happy to perceive, announced for *Rosalind*, a character in which, we trust, she will speedily assert her rights as a legitimate performer. We look forward with pleasure to Thursday next. *As You Like It* is of itself a treat; and so is Charles Kemble's *Orlando*: we have great hopes that Miss Taylor will prove herself worthy both of the one and the other. Shakespeare is the touchstone.

A *new-old* farce, or interlude, the hundred-and-first adaptation of *Le Prisonnier, ou la Ressemblance*, which, under the title of the *Secret, the Prisoner, &c. &c.*, has been acted at every minor theatre in London, was produced here last Thursday, with the appellation of *Hide and Seek*.

VARIETIES.

Silk Worms.—Silk worms fed at Turin on the leaf of the scorzonera, furnished a silk of a very inferior quality to that obtained from the same caterpillar when fed on the mulberry tree.

Hardening of Wood.—A piece of plane tree

(*Platanus occidentalis*), after a long immersion in water, diminished in size by one-tenth of its diameter, and became so hard as scarcely to be affected by the axe.

Tuberules of Potatoes.—M. Vilmorin presented to the Royal and Central Society of Agriculture of France, a specimen of the *eyes* or tuberules of potatoes, which had been completely frozen, and which he succeeded in preserving by simple drying in the air, so that they would serve for the nourishment of animals.

New Nutritious Plant.—M. Henri presented to the same society a specimen of fecula obtained from the root of a plant called *arracacha*, of the family of Umbelliferae, indigenous in the provinces of Santa Fé de Bogota, and of Caracas in Southern America, where this root is employed as food. This substance has all the physical and chemical characters of the true fecula, and possesses all their alimentary properties.

New Cafè.—We observe the preparations in St. James's Street, and hear of the engagement of Vestris, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Goldsmid the clever imitator, &c. for morning lounges and refreshments: but as the plan seems new to the metropolis, we must stop and see before we praise.

New Bazaars.—Bazaars are still the rage: the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly is rapidly undergoing conversion for this object; though if it be to the total exclusion of all those exhibitions of art and curiosity which we have been so long accustomed to enjoy at this place, we, for ourselves, shall regret the change.

The French Academy.—The French Academy having required from the French government the power of immediately restoring to its body the academicians who were expelled by an arbitrary measure in 1815, the government has replied, that the Academy possessed the means of effecting the desired object by successive elections of the members of which it had been deprived.

Diamonds.—Several diamonds have lately been discovered at the foot of the Oural Mountains; and there is every reason to believe that more will soon be found.

Imperial Society of Naturalists at Moscow.—The Imperial Society of Naturalists of Moscow receives annually 10,000 roubles from the emperor. Out of this sum, 3,000 are devoted to journeys of natural history in Russia; 3,000 for the publication of the discoveries which result from these journeys; 1850 for the drawer and engraver; 800 for the stuffer; 800 for the expenses of the office; and 630 for incidental expenses. The Society was founded in 1805 by its present director, Mr. Fischer. It has published seven volumes of memoirs; and from the beginning of 1829 it has printed a bulletin of its labours.

Method of obtaining the Skeletons of Fish.—Mr. Bluel's plan is to suspend a fish in a vessel full of water, into which he introduces a number of tadpoles, which devour the flesh, without injuring the bones. The tadpoles should be taken as small as possible: at the end of four and twenty hours the skeleton will be cleaned, but the water must be renewed several times.

Discovery of Bromine in the Baltic.—M. Kastner, in the *Archiv für die Ges. Naturlehre*, announces the discovery of bromine and iodine in the waters of the Baltic, near Swinemunde.

Monazite, a new Mineral.—Breithaupt has given the name of monazite* to a mineral

* From *μονάζειν*, to be alone, from its not being capable of being compared with any other mineral.

which has been found in a ziran granite in the environs of Miask in Siberia. Its lustre is vitreous, colour brick-red, or reddish brown, translucent on the borders. Its crystals are rhombohedral prisms. Its hardness is equal to 6. Sp. gr. 4.93. It has not yet been analysed.

Movable Houses.—A French engineer, of the name of Blown, lately presented a memoir to the Academy, on the construction of movable houses. Movable houses have long been used in Sweden; but the mason as well as the carpenter has been employed in their construction. Those invented by M. Blown, on the contrary, are entirely of wood, can be erected in a very short time, so as to be perfectly habitable, and can be transported with facility. One of these houses has been eight times taken down in the course of eight years; and has travelled over a space of a hundred and fifty miles. M. Blown thinks that this kind of building may be usefully employed in African expeditions. The committee of the Academy to whom his memoir was referred are of a different opinion: they say that the extreme heat of the climate would soon warp the wood, and render the adjustment of the parts impossible.

French Coinage.—The gold and silver coinage of Philip the First was announced for issue on the 5th of November: by the by, our Guy Fawkes Day. The king's profile is to the right; the reverse has a crown of laurels, with the device, *Dieu protège la France*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLVI. Nov. 12.*]

Roxobel, by Mrs. Sherwood.—Remarks on a New and Important Remedy in Consumption Diseases, by John Humphreys Doddridge, Surgeon.—*The Life of Thomas Fanshaw Middleton, D.D.*, Lord Bishop of Calcutta, by the Rev. C. W. Le Bas, M.A.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Russell, or the Reign of Fashion, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 9s. 6d. bds.—Turnbill's French Revolution of 1830. 8vo. 16s. bds.—Pinkerton's Correspondence, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 12s. bds.—Love's Offering, a Musical Annual, 1831. imperial 8vo. 12s. bds.—Wright's Cambridge Mathematical Examination Papers, Part I. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Hinck's Greek-English Lexicon, square 12mo. 10s. 6d. sheep.—Domestic Gardener's Manual, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Comic Offering, 1831. 12s. morocco.—Musical Forget-Me-Not, 1831. royal 4to. 12s. bds.—Dawson's Present State of Australia, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Evans' Rectory of Valehead, 12mo. 6s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 4	From 43 to 54.	29.74 to 29.80
Friday ... 5	38. — 55.	29.86 — 29.66
Saturday ... 6	47. — 56.	29.66 — 29.20
Sunday ... 7	46. — 51.	29.11 — 29.33
Monday ... 8	32. — 40.	29.56 — 29.74
Tuesday ... 9	26. — 46.	29.79 — 29.83
Wednesday 10	34. — 54.	29.75 — 29.59

Wind, S.W. Cloudy the 8th and 9th — otherwise cloudy, with frequent rain.

Rain fallen, 1 inch and 7/8 of an inch.

Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 39" N. Longitude 0° 3' 51" W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. J.'s thought is affecting; but there are imperfections in the execution which forbids insertion.

Our worthy friend M. T. S., of Long Stratton, must take an excuse from us, for reasons too long to explain. S. of Kew, declined. He must write to Miss H.; we cannot print it.

The adapter of the *Wreck Ashore*, at the Adelphi Theatre, ought to have acknowledged his obligation for that delightful drama, to the author of *Voyage in the Arctic Ocean*, on whose story it is closely founded.

Sir James South's Charges against the President and Councils of the Royal Society was delayed too long in reaching us for consideration this week; we can only say, that they are confoundingly peppy.

In our review of the *Annals* last week, we accidentally omitted the intended quotation from Mr. Carne's *Eastern Story Tellers*; it shall appear in our next.

Puffing.—Having spared a few columns to the farce in the City, as a temporary subject, we have postponed our remarks on the Puff-System.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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Mr. CRUMP will give his Second Lecture, at Half-past Eight o'clock, on Monday Evening, on the subject of the *Principles of the Medical Course*, and will exhibit a General *View of the Structure of the Human Body*.

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TO EDITORS.—The Proprietor of a Provincial Paper, heretofore conducted with considerable talent, on the principles of the *Principles of the English*, wishes to edit his Paper, and to have the entire superintendence of the Literary Department. As a liberal Salary will be given, it is requested that none apply who cannot produce unexceptionable Testimonials as to Ability. &c.

Address—Mr. J. D., care of Mr. Morgan,

Stationers' Hall, Farringdon Street, London.

The Paper is published in one of the first Towns in England, and the Editor's Services would be required about Christmas next.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, Conduit Street. At this extensive and valuable Library, from which the Nobility and Gentry, in Town and Country, are supplied, arrangements are made for affording the stoutest possible accommodation to Subscribers in the perusal of New Works, as well as those of a standard character in the English, French, Italian, and German Languages, of which this Library contains an immense Collection.

The Addenda for 1830 just published.

Catalogues and Cards of Terms to be had on application.

A new London Daily Evening Newspaper, THE ALBION; New London Daily Evening Newspaper, will appear on Monday next, the 15th of November.

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